

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning,  
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## ADIEU, MON CŒUR!

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

## SPRING.

How gracefully the young Bertine  
 With Jaques, her lover, dances!  
 See how like sunbeams 'neath the trees  
 She flies, and then advances;  
 And yet she sings in a minor key  
 The old Provençal melody,  
 "Tais-toi, mon cœur! Adieu, mon cœur!"  
 As if some sadness came to her  
 With love's dear smiles and glances.

The Sieur de Courcy comes that way  
 And 'neath the walnut lingers,  
 He marks her instep clean and high,  
 Her white and dainty fingers;  
 He hears her sing in a minor key  
 The old Provençal melody,  
 "Tais-toi, mon cœur! Adieu, mon cœur!"  
 And thinks, as he fondly looks at her,  
 Of the lays of the Minnesingers.

But hark the call! the conscript drum!  
 And Jaques, the number chosen;  
 No wonder that Bertine is dumb,  
 The blood in her bosom frozen.  
 Brave Jaques strikes up in a stronger key  
 The old Provençal melody,  
 "Tais-toi, mon cœur! Adieu, mon cœur!"  
 And looking fondly back at her  
 He said, "Dear love, be true to me!"

## SUMMER.

The king said gayly, "*Je m'ennuie*,"  
 Nor heard if the people grumbled;  
 What cared that gallant Majesty  
 If some plain lives were humbled?  
 The next age sang in a different key,  
 "Tais-toi, mon cœur! Adieu, mon cœur!"  
 Of Pompadour and the Parc aux Cerfs,  
 And greeted the great with a bitter laugh  
 When heads in the basket tumbled.

For when the sun lay on the vines  
 Bertine the grapes was tying,  
 The tendril round her brow entwines,  
 The summer days were flying!  
 Well may she sing in a minor key  
 The old Provençal melody,  
 "Tais-toi, mon cœur! Adieu, mon cœur!"  
 For the news was coming back to her  
 Of the field where Jaques lay dying.

What, then, was history but a page  
 Of romance, love, and glory?  
 Chimeras of the golden age  
 When life was worth the story!  
 Woman still sings in a minor key  
 The old Provençal melody,  
 "Tais-toi, mon cœur! Adieu, mon cœur!"  
 That is the tale Time tells to her,  
 And will till he is hoary.

## AUTUMN.

The Sieur de Courcy came to woo,  
 His voice was low and tender;  
 He drove the wolf and the king away—  
 "Let me be thy defender!"

And when she sang in a minor key  
 The old Provençal melody,  
 "Tais-toi, mon cœur! Adieu, mon cœur!"  
 The gentleman knelt down to her  
 And kissed her fingers slender.

"Who is my rival?" laughed the king,  
 His gallant, gay eyes lighting;  
 "Now I will do a graceful thing  
 To show I bear her slighting!  
 We'll change that mournful monody,  
 The old Provençal melody,  
 'Tais-toi, mon cœur! Adieu, mon cœur!'  
 And life shall not be spoiled for her  
 Because my love is blighting!"

So went he forth to take the air,  
 His perfumed locks were streaming,  
 His brow was gay, as if no care  
 Could blight that face so beaming.  
 He sang as he rode, in a minor key,  
 The old Provençal melody,  
 "Tais-toi, mon cœur! Adieu, mon cœur!"  
 But took the road which led to her—  
 The courtiers guessed his seeming.

"I came," said he, as they bent the knee,  
 "All doubts and cares to banish;  
 Leave chains of rank and cares of state—  
 For one day—let them vanish!  
 And, dear Bertine, sing now for me  
 The old Provençal melody,  
 'Tais-toi, mon cœur! Adieu, mon cœur!'"  
 And then he lightly told to her  
 A drama from the Spanish.

"Rise! my proud subject," said the king,  
 "Rise! Marquise St. Aulaire!  
 I give the title and the ring  
 To this thy consort fair.  
 Now all my courtiers sound the key  
 Of the old Provençal melody,  
 'Tais-toi, mon cœur! Adieu, mon cœur!'"  
 And one and all bow down to her,  
 The new court lady there.

All gratefully the sad Bertine  
 'Neath her long lashes glances.  
 How much the tear that steals between  
 The eyes' dark gleam enhances!  
 And yet she sings in a minor key  
 The old Provençal melody,  
 "Tais-toi, mon cœur! Adieu, mon cœur!"  
 The king gave Courcy's hand to her,  
 Who, lover-like, advances.

## WINTER.

O'er castle walls, with banners hung,  
 The crescent moon is peeping,  
 And on the ground, in sadness flung,  
 A mournful man is weeping.  
 On a white cross—what words to see!—  
 He reads the sad, old monody,  
 "Tais-toi, mon cœur! Adieu, mon cœur!"  
 He breathes his last farewell to her,  
 For there Bertine lies, sleeping.  
 Sunday World. M. E. W. S.

From The Edinburgh Review.  
SCPTICISM IN GEOLOGY.\*

THE advance of positive science up to the present time is mainly due to the collection, analysis, and decipherment of facts. The attention of students was formerly directed to what, it was assumed, must be. Certain postulates were laid down; and on them the blank skeleton of science was supposed to rest. Anything that fell without this arbitrary scheme was summarily rejected. It is almost a matter of wonder how, under such a system, the human mind could have advanced to the point of questioning the verity of the system itself. That once done, the whole artificial structure collapsed. Ceasing to study what must be, men began to observe what is. By the rise of one of those great waves of thought which have so often surged over the intellectual world, facts long unknown, obscure, or misunderstood came almost simultaneously into view in nearly every portion of the field of human survey. Chemistry yielded a knowledge of its elements to those who sought it by the test-tube and the scales. Physical law became unveiled in its majestic simplicity. The acquisition of power over nature followed or accompanied the acquisition of knowledge of her laws. Watt and Stephenson had yoked the steam-spirit to the pump, the ship, and the car, before Grove had illustrated the correlation of physical forces, or Joule had determined the mechanical equivalent of heat. Advance and victory, all along the line, crowned every persevering effort. The accurate osteological knowledge which Cuvier first obtained from comparative study, enabled that great student of nature to lay the bases of palæontology. To the mighty sounding-line thus let down into the darkness of the past was added

the second means of discovery afforded by lithological analysis. A pebble, intelligently interrogated, was found to bear a long record inscribed on its face. It yielded to the enquirer information as to whence it came; of what primary or later rock it had once formed a portion; whence and to what distance it had been transported by the motion of ice or of water; and by what currents, eddies, and waves, it had been ground into shape. While entirely unexpected light was thus streaming in upon the student, human history recovered much of her lost speech. The hieroglyphics of Egypt, and the yet quaint characters in which Assyrian, and, before them, Accadian, scribes had indented history, chronology, grammar, political apophthegms, memoranda of purchase and sale, and records illustrating the whole course of daily life, on the humble but durable material, clay, became vocal. Much that had been vague in past history started at once into exact and definite order. It may perhaps be said that in the same way in which written records are more reliable than oral tradition, sculptured and graven inscriptions are at once more durable and more authentic than those committed to the perishable keeping of papyrus or of parchment. But still more exempt from error than the most elaborate tablets of the hieroglyphic sculptor, or the *terra-cotta* scribe, are the notes graven by the hand of nature herself on cliff, and boulder, and pebble—the records of past events which bear the very autographs of terrestrial change.

In the pursuit of a study so new, so fascinating, and so positive in its basis, it it was to be expected that error and extravagances should at first occur. It is in physical research alone that the elements of knowledge are absolutely true. Any error or falsification must be in the reader. We may authenticate an inscription as that of a great monarch. Past doubt we may have it as he uttered or authorized it. But who shall say how far he colored the facts—how far, consciously or unconsciously, he ordered the graving of something more like a bulletin of Napoleon than a true military or political chronicle? But the *striae* on the face of a cliff, or the teeth in

\* 1. *Scepticism in Geology and the Reasons for it.* By VERIFIER. London: 1877.

2. *The Freedom of Science in the modern State.* By RUDOLF VIRCHOW, M.D. London: 1878.

3. *Geology for Students and General Readers.* By A. H. GREEN, F.R.S., etc. 2nd Edition. London: 1877.

4. *Manual of Geology.* By the Rev. S. HAUGHTON, M.D., D.C.L., etc. 4th Edition. London: 1876.

5. *Manuals of Elementary Science. Geology.* By T. G. BONNEY, M.A., F.G.S. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge: 1874.

some archaic form of jaw-bone, are free from any possible error as records. The only misguidance of which they can be accused is due to the ignorance, the haste, or the prejudice of the student. Hence we can afford to look with patience on such errors, assured that, in due course of study, the true testimony of the primeval archives will be disentangled, and the message of nature, telling of her past revolutions, will fall plainly and intelligibly on our ears.

In the contest and struggle attendant on the introduction of the new order of study, it is natural that much should occur to shock venerable prejudices. We use the word in its proper meaning — not as a term of contempt or abuse, but as expressing an unquestionable fact. Fore-judgments are necessarily made, by those who attempt to decide at all, upon imperfect data. When these fore-judgments are the simple outcome of the facts, as far as they are known, they perform the important function of scientific hypothesis.

It will be at once admitted by all those who are familiar with the subject that nothing, since the time of the re-promulgation of the physical, or Pythagorean, view of the solar system by Galileo, has raised a fiercer contest between what were asserted to be old truths, and what were brought forward as new discoveries, than the facts brought to light by the progress of geology. The first shock of that contest is now over. It was never comparable in its intensity to the effect produced on men's minds by the announcement of the motion of the earth, although it has proved more disturbing than the results of any subsequent advance in human knowledge. But as we are now perfectly content to use the terms "sunrise" and "sunset," while we know that they are only apparently, not physically true, so we find many of those who once frantically denounced the opposition of the views of Cuvier and his followers to what they held to be the revealed statements of Moses, or at least many of those on whom the hoods and gowns of the old assailants of the geologist have descended, ready to admit that they may too hastily have adopted a servile and puerile interpretation of Semitic

language; and that history written on papyrus may perhaps best be understood by the aid of history written on the very surface of the earth herself.

It is as a volunteer in this contest that the author of "Scepticism in Geology" has made a spirited and well-executed attack on what he terms "certain excrescences on the great and incontrovertible truths of geology, which aim at proving the earth to have been fashioned by mechanical processes still going on." Interesting in its argument, the book is illustrated by cuts, one or two of which are so apt in their elucidation of the author's views as to approach ocular demonstration. Although to some extent the actual energy of recent geological phenomena is undervalued, and although the most authoritative utterances of modern geology must be taken to be rather more in harmony with some of the views supported, than with those most successfully attacked, by "Verifier," we have no hesitation in characterizing the book as one calculated to advance the aim of the writer, namely, "to sift the truth." But the questions which underlie the subject are of far deeper moment than the enquiry how far any geological writer may have caricatured a tentative theory. We fear that the unrivalled popularity that has hailed the appearance of certain works, which have propounded new theories or carried old theories to new results, with reference to the organized species of the natural kingdoms, has not been due, in the main, to a genuine interest in natural science. It is idle to disguise the fact that the contest in its present phase, although it may be unfair to say that it is carried on under false colors, is one which concerns the safety of positions of a very different importance from the outposts around which the skirmish as yet rages. The "uniformitarian" doctrine of geology, or the perfect explanation afforded to all the half-read mysteries of the bygone course of organic life on the globe by the doctrine of natural selection, are subjects as to which comparatively few persons are sufficiently educated to form an opinion which is worth consulting. Yet it is to such persons alone that the purely scientific inter-



est of the questions is limited. Popular attention is commanded, not by the direct, but by the indirect, results of the debate. There can be no doubt that, on the one hand, there is an uneasy, and but half-confessed fear, and on the other hand an eager and hostile expectancy, that the progress of science, or the definitive statement of the positive knowledge at which the most cultivated students of the day are gradually arriving, will prove absolutely inconsistent with the maintenance of certain religious tenets very dear to the former, and very obnoxious to the latter, disputants. It is not as affecting the authority of Cuvier, but as impairing or maintaining traditions which were supposed to have the positive sanction of religious authority, that such a doctrine as that of development rivets the attention of the great mass of readers.

It is idle to bewail the existence of a tendency which, however strong it may be at the present time, had tenfold power in the time of Galileo. But when the student is beset by the din of conflict from without — when eager hands are outstretched to snatch the result of each new experience, in order to use it, not for scientific, but for polemical, purposes — the most honest searcher for truth is liable to become heated and hurried. The clear light of intelligence is troubled by the hot breath of debate. Thus, for example, the enquiry as to whether certain Egyptian dynasties were contemporary or successive is a purely historical question, for the solution of which certain data exist, more are in course of collection, and as to which the attainment of ultimate certitude may be confidently expected. But there is an incompatibility between the attribution of such a date as most Egyptologists assign to the fifth Egyptian dynasty, and — not the book of Genesis, but the ordinary interpretation of the book of Genesis. The builder of the great pyramid lived, there is little room to doubt, six hundred years before the date usually assigned as that of an universal deluge. There are three parties, or three propositions, to be reconciled. The position which should be most readily given up is that of the comparatively unsettled enquirer, who is shocked

by a discrepancy which after all may only appear to exist owing to his own ignorance. But this is usually the last explanation thought available. That the discoveries of Mariette and of Brugsch and the statements of the book of Genesis are irreconcilable is at once taken as a fact; and thereupon one disputant proceeds to revile Brugsch as an infidel, and the other to vilify the Pentateuch as a fable. That the two records are, in point of fact, both veritable, and that the apparent discrepancy is due to an over-hasty interpretation, is a simple issue from the difficulty which is ever the last to find favor with the ordinary disputant.

The effect of this oblique disturbing force becomes evident in the unduly positive terms in which writers of admitted eminence maintain statements as to which the utmost that can be said is, that, in our present imperfect knowledge, they are not facts or truths, but conceivable hypotheses. Thus we find one writer, distinguished for an erudition in natural history of a high order, bringing forward all his learning, and taxing all his reasoning powers, to support the assertion that "the most distinct genera and orders within the same great class — for instance, whales, mice, birds, and fishes — are all the descendants of one common progenitor, and we must admit that the whole vast amount of difference between these forms of life has primarily arisen from simple variability." The truth which underlies this ridiculous over-statement is, that a certain general type, platform, or design may be recognized as underlying the vertebrated form of life, and as developed with wonderful diversity, so as to suit different conditions of abode, of food, and even of medium of life. The idea of the "common progenitor" is not only purely gratuitous, but is one so opposed to all the phenomena of the distribution of animal life, and indeed so far transcending the limits which physical science imposes on the conceivable duration of life on our planet, that it is difficult to imagine why a writer should have weighted his argument with so unnecessary an approach to a mathematical absurdity. In such a sentence as we have quoted the term "varia-

bility" ceases to have any scientific meaning. As to the object with which it was introduced, however, we are not left in doubt. "No shadow of reason," Mr. Darwin continues, "can be assigned for the belief that variations, alike in nature, and the result of the same general laws which have been the groundwork, through natural selection, of the formation of the most perfectly adapted animals in the world, man included, were intentionally and specially guided." We think that it is tolerably evident that the interest excited by the desire to justify or to condemn such an utterance as the above, has little claim to the title of scientific interest.

It is plain that two entirely distinct issues are raised in the words which we have quoted from one of the later works of Mr. Darwin,\* in language which has, at all events, the rare merit of being both intelligible and precise. The first (and, as we have said, gratuitously conditioned) demand on our assent is the thesis that all forms of animal life, as far at least as the vertebrata are concerned, have been derived, by the ordinary process of descent, from a common ancestor. The second, and no less gratuitous, proposition is, that during the long descent, through a series of transformations which could only have been possible in consequence of the primary provision of adaptability, no direct, creative, providential, or divine design has been kept in view; that no controlling wisdom has directed, or rendered possible, the course of development; but that man has been evolved out of a fish, a sponge, or a speck of jelly, by the preservation, during the battle for life, of varieties which possess any advantage in structure, constitution, or instinct. It is important, as giving the fullest exposition of this view, to cite the words of Mr. Huxley: "A nucleated mass of protoplasm turns out to be what may be termed the structural unit of the human body. As a matter of fact, the body, in its earliest state, is a mere multiple of such units; and in its perfect condition it is a multiple of such units variously modified." "All vital action may, with equal propriety, be said to be the result of the molecular forces of the protoplasm which displays it. What justification is there, then, for the assumption of the existence in the living matter of a something which has no representative or correlative in the not-living matter which gives rise to it?"

When we find writers thus laboriously go out of their way, content to part company with the sobriety of reason, so that they may administer a slap in the face to what they may regard as an inconvenient superstition, are we not fully justified in the statement that the popularity their works have attained is mainly due to something very different from the desire of the mass of their readers to be enlightened in the truths of physical science? Nothing is more contrary to true scientific method than the confusion of theory and of facts, or the transplanting, to one order of investigation, of details appertaining to a totally different field of research. Thus it may be possible to state in terms, or perhaps even in some queer sense to hold, the low and semi-brutal theory that no proofs of wise purpose and design are to be drawn from that perfect adaptation of type to conditions of existence which forms the general law of organic nature. But we might expect that a student afflicted with so unfortunate a form of intellectual color-blindness would be careful, by a judicious silence, not to draw attention to his damaging deficiency. When, on the contrary, we find him volunteer a statement so wide of the mark as to say that not "a shadow of reason can be assigned" for a more symmetric and more complete view of nature, we feel at once that we can accept no statement at his hands without control or verification. Again, we might expect that a man sufficiently-familiar with the rudiments of chemistry to be able to describe, in terms of scientific notation, the chemical elements of protoplasm, would be one of the first to be aware that there was a something in living matter which is not to be found in the carbon, and oxygen, and hydrogen, and nitrogen, of which he tells us, that such matter consists. It is a something which he cannot by any means detect in non-living matter. He is unable to put it into any similar mixture, with whatever accuracy he may compound it. It is precisely the presence of "a something which has no representative or correlative in the not-living matter" which composes the contents of an egg, that makes the difference between an addled and a good egg—a difference which, on the argument of Mr. Huxley, would be altogether imaginary, or at all events entirely unaccountable.

It is impossible to appreciate the true bearing and import of such questions as those raised by "Verifier," if we regard them as casual or isolated subjects of enquiry. While we deprecate, with the

\* *Animals and Plants under Domestication*, vol. ii., pp. 430, 432.

utmost earnestness, any attempt to decide a question appertaining to one department of enquiry on grounds drawn from a different province of thought, we hail any symptom that those who believe the asserted discoveries of scientific enquiry in any branch or portion to be false, are addressing themselves to grapple with such errors on scientific grounds. If "Verifier" opposed to the demands of the geologist for an immeasurable period of past time such arguments as those with which the early geologists were encountered, we should take but little interest in his work, whatever the ability which it might display. But when a writer who, whether rightly or wrongly, opposes the teaching of any school, abandons the ground of its questionable tendency, and directly attacks the accuracy of the asserted scientific basis, he does good service to the cause of truth. The weapons of scepticism are used in our times with great effect to assail and shake some of the fundamental principles of morality and religion. We must say that we feel at least an equal amount of scepticism in relation to many of the dogmas of modern science. They are, many of them, as we have said, mere hypotheses; there is an admitted failure of evidence to raise them to the rank of demonstrated truths; but they are promulgated and proclaimed with an arrogance and intolerance worthy of the infallible priesthood of an absolute creed. There is in truth more reason in these days to complain of the intolerance of science than of the intolerance of religion. Few names in science are more illustrious than that of Dr. Virchow, but the services he has rendered to his art are in our judgment surpassed by the service he has rendered to truth in the vigorous protest delivered by him at Munich last autumn against "the tyranny of dogmatism which undertakes to master the whole view of nature by the premature generalizing of theoretical combinations." A very large proportion of these daring hypotheses are literally unsupported by facts, and even opposed to facts; and we cannot sufficiently applaud the manly and independent spirit in which Dr. Virchow rejects the attempt to inculcate these unsettled opinions as fundamental truths. His discourse well deserves the honor of translation, and we hope it will be generally read.

The great battle of which the question of the truth or falsehood of what are called uniformitarian views in geology is one of the incidents, began with the discovery of

the telescope and the true laws of planetary motion. It is not easy to conceive that any discovery remaining to be made can produce so violent a moral and intellectual earthquake as did that of Galileo. Those who are familiar with the literature of his day are aware how thoroughly men's minds were stirred. The Church did not fear to nail her colors to the mast, and to declare that the central position and immobility of the earth were articles of the Christian faith. How that faith has maintained its hold on the world unimpaired, while men have gradually become aware that it is not the sun but the earth that moves, we have ceased to wonder or to enquire. We are content to remember that the advisers of the papacy took much for granted which turns out to be incorrect. A similar though a very much less violent shock attended on the first promulgation of geological discovery in our own time. The point which here was in question was more narrow than that which physical astronomy had raised and decided. It was taken for granted, before the time of Cuvier, that the earth was only about some six thousand years old, and that the Bible taught us that such was the case. No person of any claim to be considered as educated is now unaware that the antiquity of the earth is not to be measured by a few thousands of years; nor does it now appear that the Bible, read by itself, was ever intended to throw any light on the question of the earth's age. We enquire into the evidences of telluric and organic changes and periods of existence with as much calm as we evince in listening to the demonstration of Newton as to orbital motion. We simply note that a connection was imagined to exist between the sacred records and the history of physical events, which never really existed or was intended to exist. It is true that the same kind of discomfort which was first awakened by the discoveries of Galileo, and then reawakened by the march of geology, now attends the discussion of the questions of descent, of evolution, and of specific change. But a calm appreciation of the nature of the enquiry leads to the same conclusion as in the former cases. Geologic action, specific history, evolution, are all subjects to be studied apart, on their own foundations, and by their several proper methods. The moralist or the theologian may await with perfect calm the outcome of scientific enquiry.

In the vast field of intellectual contest, which ranges from the facts of physical astronomy to the profoundest investigations

of physiology, and to the decipherment of the long-hidden records of a history earlier than that of Rome, of Athens, or of Jerusalem, is to be observed as confused an association of heterogeneous allies as can be found on any battle-field of the day, whether military or political. Viewed abstractedly, the contest is between ignorance and knowledge — between the spirit of authority resting upon assumption, and the spirit of doubt, which proposes to test the solidity of the ground for every fresh step with the sagacity of the elephant. But on the side — fated as it is to lose — of the defence are ranked some of the most venerable and most conservative of influences, and even of institutions. On the part of the attack we too often witness that insolence which is irreconcilable with real reverence for truth. There is a dissociation and counterchange between the parties. Moral beauty is opposed to intellectual light. Real advance, profound culture, the religious spirit, and the scientific method, instead of being united, are forced into mutually damaging opposition. The man who has the opportunity to look most closely into the work of God is heard to declare, with the loudest vulgarity, that such workmanship made itself. The man whose graceful fancy might have fitted him sooner than any other to accomplish the task left to his successors by Linnaeus, and to limn out, with intelligent sense, the true order of organic life, is the first to declare the inversion of all that can be shown to be historic, to be the true and necessary course of nature. For this reason, among others, we welcome any effort to unite religious sentiment with scientific boldness, and to apply the methods by which truth may be discovered to the service of that party which is chiefly anxious that truth should be respected and maintained.

The geological enquiry, apart from palaeontology, occupies so small a portion of this great field of contest, that the positions contested by the author of "Scepticism in Geology" may be described in comparatively few words. The writer — we wish that he had allowed us to designate him by his real name — commences his first chapter with the remark that "of all the sciences the most rapid in its rise and general popularity has been geology. Since the beginning of the present century a band of illustrious men, contemporaries in this and other countries, all striving with one aim, and reminding us of the group of authors in the time of Queen Anne, and of artists in that of Leo X., have developed this

branch of learning, and rendered it perhaps the most attractive of the natural sciences. . . . To have recovered so many records of the past existence of our globe, and of its inhabitants, was a precious addition to the book of knowledge." The objections which are urged by the writer are thus confined to the region of speculative geology. This, confessedly the least advanced and most uncertain portion of the study, can hardly yet be said to have crystallized into any accepted form. Theories are almost as numerous as writers. As the works of such a student as Sir C. Lyell pass through edition after edition, while the purely descriptive portions of the book are enlarged by continued observation, the floating sequel of the speculative doctrine undergoes constant modification. The difficulties which are regarded as especially obnoxious by the author of "Scepticism in Geology" are those "which environ the doctrine of uniformity, or the operation of modern causes; the elevating power of earthquakes, erosion of rocks by rivers, and the antiquity of man upon earth."

It is the opinion of "Verifier" that the elevating influence of earthquakes has been much overrated. If any geologist should now attempt to account for the elevation of great mountain chains by any such action of earthquake as has been known to occur in historic times, he would find it difficult to hold his own against our author. And the expression, so constantly used that we shall hardly be able to avoid adopting it, of the "upheaval" of mountain chains, may certainly be regarded as objectionable, if it be taken to imply the protrusion of these chains above the ordinary sea or land level by such forces as are now known to be active. But that permanent elevation of large areas of land does occur in our own time has been distinctly witnessed in 1858. The earthquake of that year was most intense in its energy in Calabria and Basilicata, where many lives were lost, and many buildings overthrown. In Naples the principal shock was so severe, and caused so much alarm, that almost the whole population of that city passed the night in the open air, in fear of being buried in their own houses by a return of the shock. In point of fact, however, not a house was thrown down in Naples, and very few were appreciably injured. But the entire circumference of the Bay of Naples, from Sorrento to Baia and Misenum, rose during that night from six to eight inches above its former level, as was apparent by the marks of animal



and vegetable life on the rocks that lined the bay. Nor did the ground thus elevated return to its former level, certainly for six years, or, we apprehend, up to the present time. The doubts thrown by "Verifier" on the famous phenomena of the elevation and depression of the Temple of Serapis at Puzzuoli would have been removed by familiarity with the spot. Granting the improbable theory, which would not have commended itself to a visitor of the locality, that "the site of the temple was originally gained from the sea by artificial means," the question of level would by no means be thus simplified. The admirable chapter in the "Principles of Geology," which describes the evidence existing for the alternate depression and elevation of the site of this famous temple, has neither needed nor received any correction in the tenth edition of that work. Its great accuracy will only be confirmed by local research; and there are facts connected with the advance of the shore line at Ostia which have not hitherto been collated with the phenomena of the Bay of Naples, which show that what we may term a pulsatory motion on the seaboard of this part of Italy has not been limited to the immediate vicinity of Vesuvius.

It must be said that the statement of "Verifier" (p. 17) — "From all these circumstances, recited by Lyell himself, and from others which it would be tedious to quote, the permanent effects of earthquakes are discredited" — is altogether erroneous. But we can only blame the author of "Scepticism in Geology" for having done, on one side of the case, what he shows that Professor Geikie has done on the other — that is, so overstated views, in themselves correct, as to present them under the form of caricature. The true argument — as to which the difference between "Verifier" on the one hand, and the most careful and authoritative geological writers on the other, is one only of detail and degree — is this. Earthquakes within the historic time, and even in the memory of living witnesses, have effected changes in elevation of considerable districts of country which, regarded in themselves, are very notable. But if compared with such phenomena as the elevation (supposing it to have occurred) of such districts as the Alpine range or any other mountain nucleus, the evidences of any recent action are almost inappreciably small. What may follow from this argument is another question; but that its outcome is thus correctly stated, we think few impartial students of fact will deny.

The second point urged by the author of "Scepticism in Geology" is thus stated by him: "Among assertions which have been accepted as facts, and assumed to be verities by geologists, is the theory of the erosive power of running water, and the conclusion that the valleys, gorges, and beds of rivers, many of them composed of the hardest and most indestructible of rocks, in all parts of the world, have been cut by the streams now running through them, however inconsiderable." The only evidence brought forward to show that the above is a correct representation of accepted geological theory is taken from the works of Mr. Geikie, with one additional quotation from M. Lartet. To that part of the question, therefore, we must return. But taking the argument of "Verifier" as presented both in his text and in four very aptly selected woodcuts, there can be no doubt of its truth and weight. Mechanically regarded, we question the propriety of the phrase "erosive power" as applied to water at all, if the substance cut through be of the nature of solid rock. There is no doubt that water occasionally contains chemical elements which attack and eat away certain rocks; as, on the other hand, other streams contain elements which deposit in crystalline form beneath our very eyes. Such is the case in the dropping well at Knaresborough, and in several travertine-forming streams of southern Italy. The action of drip on paving stones under the eaves of houses is, perhaps, mainly of a chemical nature. Again, water has an enormous battering power, especially if it be exerted in the way of lifting masses of stone under which a wave strikes. Yet again, the action of water removes friable materials, particle by particle, and thus eats away a channel or undermines a cliff. When whirling along in its course pebbles or sharp sand, water communicates a grinding movement to these bodies, and also directly assists their action by the removal of the particles ground off, which otherwise would deaden the abrading force. Apart from these modes of action, we must be permitted to disbelieve that water has any cutting power. We see rocks exposed to the fury of the waves, or to the force of rapid currents, covered with the humbler forms of vegetable and of animal life. It is idle to pretend that the force of water, which cannot wash a limpet or an alga from a rock; can cut through the solid material of which that rock is composed. Thus in the view of the gorge of the Danube below Belgrade ("Scepticism in Geology," p. 62),



where the vertical cliffs, two thousand feet high, are represented as an example of geological erosion by running water, "Verifier" clearly exposes the ridiculous absurdity of such an assumption. The same remark applies to the cut on page 63, the *Via Mala*, with its sarcastic little note — "according to geologists, scooped out by rain, frost, and running water." The bird's-eye view of the falls of the Zambesi is, if possible, yet more conclusive as an argument against any such unmechanical theory of erosion.

The fall [says the author] is twice as high and twice as wide as Niagara; but differs from it in that, immediately opposite to the fall, rise three successive natural walls of rock of the same height as that over which the river leaps, separated from one another by narrow rifts. These triple barriers consist of wedge-shaped promontories of rock, with vertical sides, projecting alternately from the right bank and from the left, like side scenes in a theatre, but entirely overlapping one another. Out of the first deep trough the river, after its descent, is compelled to find its way through a gap only eighty yards wide in the first opposing rock wall. A second wall here confronts it, by which the stream is turned at an acute angle to the right. It is next forced round the second promontory; then, reversing its course, round a third, and before it is allowed to escape to the sea it is compelled to double round a fourth wider headland.\*

We freely give up to the deserved sarcasm of "Verifier" the unlucky remark of the writer who observes as to this doubling and redoubling of a stream through rifts and fractures of basaltic rocks, such as may be seen to be produced by cooling in the lava of Vesuvius or of Ætna at almost any eruption: "The stream seems to have cut its way backwards through this winding ravine." "The discovery of the Zambesi Falls," our author, with more justice, says, "would seem to have been reserved until the present time in order to refute a leading tenet of modern geology, and to prove the utter impotence of water to cut through hard rock." Mechanical science is so thoroughly at one with those who denounce the absurdity of a belief in such kind of aqueous action, that the only weak point in the attack is the question how far the writer is justified in calling the expressions which he so justly ridicules the authoritative utterances of geologists.

The third *bête noire* of the author of "Scepticism in Geology" is the part which he states that geologists assign to subaerial denudation in modifying the surface

of our planet. "It surpasses all other modern causes in the power that it is said to be still exerting, and in the effects it produces. The wonders which it has performed, and is performing, are best set forth in the very words of its advocates. 'Mountains and valleys are due to it; it has carved them out of the solid rock. The great river systems are excavated by it.'" It is true that "Verifier" is, to some extent, justified in relying on this quotation, for even in the last edition of "Principles of Geology" the illustrious author uses the expression, "the uniform nature and energy of the causes which have worked successive changes in the crust of the earth and in the condition of its living inhabitants." But it should be borne in mind that even in this phrase, which may be taken as a dogmatic statement of uniformitarian hypothesis, the period during which existing causes are said to have operated with unchanged energy is limited to that of the presence of animal life upon earth. The sixth chapter of the "Principles of Geology" is, in point of fact, a protest against the introduction, into geological theory, of the action of imaginary causes. As such there is no doubt that the object, if not the basis, of the hypotheses of Lyell is philosophically true. We must regard the argument as critical and controversial rather than as constructive; and thus as liable to be driven, by the impetus of controversy, not only beyond the true mean, but even beyond the position which the author, if undisturbed by contest, would himself have chosen. M. Elie de Beaumont postulated the recurrence of long periods of repose, interspersed with brief periods of paroxysmal violence, from the earliest geological periods. This assumption was peculiarly repugnant to a mind that had a philosophical abhorrence of the jumbling up of observations and imaginations. Impartially regarded, the question of uniformity of action must necessarily become subordinate to those of time and of degree. Any speculative geologist who regards an earlier condition of planetary existence than that which now prevails, whether he assumes the nebular hypothesis or any other theory, admits by that very assumption the occurrence of change in energy of action. Good service is done to science by bringing this fact distinctly forward. But we do not admit that the leading geologists of the day are so far removed from the views of "Verifier" as he considers to be the case.

"The doctrine," writes one of the authors whose works we have enumerated at

\* Scepticism in Geology, p. 67.

the head of the present article, "that the forces which have produced geological changes have been practically the same, both in kind and degree, during the whole of that portion of the earth's past lifetime of which a record has come down to us, is one not much touched on in most of the text-books. Judging by the rate at which changes are going on now, the time required to bring about past geological changes, if the rate were unaltered, would have been very great indeed. Physicists, guided by the doctrine of the dissipation of energy, are not disposed to allow as much time as geologists were at one time disposed to demand. It is very possible, however, that the limitation of the physicist may be as much too stringent as the demands of the geologist are excessive." In these candid and moderate words the actual state of the question, in so far as the demand for past time is concerned, is fairly represented. The energy required to effect certain changes would, of course, be a function of the time occupied in their production. This simple mechanical relation, however, is obscured by the language of too eager theorists. It is impossible to put the erroneous views, which have been thus allowed to distort speculative geology, more strongly than in the language quoted from Mr. Geikie's "Scenery of Scotland" by our author: "We make the fatal error of forgetting that, in the geological history of our globe, time is power." It would be as correct to say time is space. But we can only regard such an expression as a too hasty metaphor, used by a laborious student and powerful writer, which he would be one of the first to wish to qualify or to withdraw. If we turn to the account given by Mr. Geikie in "The Great Ice Age" of the action of the weather on rocks, erosion by running water, and denudation, during the last inter-glacial period, we shall find that, while his language is graphic, his reasoning is close.

Let us recall [says Mr. Geikie] the appearance presented by the Scottish mountains—bold hummocky masses of rock, for the most part, but often bristling with splintered crags and shattered precipices. See how frequently the hilltops are buried in their own ruins, and how the flanks are in many places curtailed with long sweeps of loose angular blocks and rubbish, that shoot down from the base of cliff and scarp to the dark glens below. All this is the work of rain and frost. . . . Under the influence of rain, soil is continually trickling down from higher to lower levels; rills and brooklets are gouging out deep trenches in the subsoils and solid rocks,—streams and rivers are constantly wearing

away their banks, and transporting sediment to the sea. The gravel and sand and silt that pave the numerous watercourses are but the wreck and ruin of the land; and it is easy to see that, since the close of the glacial epoch, immense quantities of material have been thus abstracted from the country. The streams and rivers have been working deeper and deeper into the bottoms of the valleys, and leaving behind them terrace after terrace of alluvial detritus to mark the different levels at which they formerly flowed. And if we tried to estimate the amount of material which has been thus cut out of the valleys and carried seawards, we should no longer feel inclined to undervalue the erosive power of running water.\*

With the exception of the adjective "solid," the use of which requires some qualification, there is nothing in the above quotation with which we are able to find fault. The existence of gravel and detritus, the lithological origin of which can be traced, in the delta of a river which descends from the abraded hills, is a piece of material evidence which it is hard to misapprehend. We have to remember that the question of slope is one which is of primary importance in the case. It is only when descending with a certain velocity that water exercises a great transporting power. The bed of a river running through a plain or down a very gentle slope has rather a liability to silt up than to cut a deeper channel. We are unable, indeed, to resolve the compound expression, and to say how much of the deposit is due to time, and how much to greater intensity of energy in the transporting element. A certain velocity of stream can be shown to have been requisite for the transport of gravels or boulders of a given size—a velocity for the most part greater than that of to-day. We are driven to suppose either that rainfall was formerly much more abundant, or that the slopes were formerly steeper, than at present. Mechanical laws, we cannot doubt, are unchanging, but we can only point to the gross results. We cannot exactly measure either the time during which they were produced or the intensity of the transporting forces. They are functions of one another. But that the periods of formation have been very long, and that the transporting forces have gradually diminished in intensity, are facts which it is very difficult to deny.

It is, however, undoubtedly the case that the knife of the critic should be boldly and freely applied to remove many of

\* The Great Ice Age, 3rd edition, p. 321.

those expressions which are yet left to disfigure our text-books, and which, however rhetorical they may be in form, lack the essence of rhetoric, the power of persuasion. Thus, in the careful and practical "Geology for Students and General Readers," by Mr. A. H. Green, we find a quotation from Playfair, which, when read by the light of the recent quotation as to the course of the Zambesi, can only be called absurd.

On observing the Potomac, where it penetrates the ridge of the Alleghany Mountains, or the Irtish, as it issues from the defiles of Altai, there is no man, however little addicted to geological speculations, who does not immediately acknowledge that the mountain was once continued quite across the space in which the river now flows; and, if he ventures to reason concerning the cause of so wonderful a change, he ascribes it to some great convulsion of nature, which has torn the mountain asunder, and opened a passage for the waters. It is only the philosopher, who has deeply meditated on the effects which action long continued is able to produce, and on the simplicity of means which nature employs in all her operations, who sees in this nothing but the gradual working of a stream which once flowed over the top of the ridge which it now so deeply intersects, and has cut its course through the rock in the same way, and almost with the same instrument, by which a lapidary divides a block of marble or granite.

The philosopher, in this case, has drawn, in our opinion, far more unwarrantably upon his own imagination than the man "little addicted to geological speculations," whom he despises.

But while we agree with the author of "Scepticism in Geology" in disbelief of the statement that the zigzag course of the Zambesi, or the profound and branching cañons of the Colorado River, have been cut by the action of running water, we have no sympathy with his alarm at the tendency of that action of degradation and transport which the rivers of the world are constantly exerting. What may have occurred in past time is matter of speculation; what is now occurring is question of measurement. The degrading or denuding effects of rivers are measured by the annual growth of their deltas. We know enough of the operations of the Nile, the Danube, the Rhone, the Brenta, the Ganges, the Godaveri, and many other rivers to trace the constant annual action of degradation, transport, and deposit, and even to obtain some approximate figures as to the relations of rainfall, slope of descent, and amount of detritus. In a recent number of the *Edinburgh Review* we gave

some particulars as to the growth of the delta of the Nile. The result of actual measurements gives an annual deposit of two hundred and forty million cubic yards, a rate of increment which solved the difficulty formerly existing as to the statement of Herodotus. Even the comparatively small stream of the Brenta, since, in 1839, it made its way into the lagoon of Chioggia, has reduced by its deposits the water-surface of that basin by one hundred and thirty-eight acres annually from 1839 to 1871, and by one hundred and fifty-three acres per annum from 1871 to 1874. It is the opinion of the Italian engineers that, unless the course of the Brenta be diverted, the lagoon will be irretrievably ruined within thirty-eight years.

The result then [says "Verifier"] of the most approved geological philosophy is to reduce the great globe, and all that it inherit, to a DEAD LEVEL!!\* The theory of natural development applied to geology ends in deterioration, monotony, and stagnation. According to it the earth is to be planed smooth and bare, deprived of all that makes it beautiful, useful, and habitable; converted into one monotonous plain, barely capable of keeping its head above water, save by the aid of occasional earthquakes.

The author mistakes. This cannot properly be said to be a matter of geological theory. That all the loftier and more exposed portions of the earth are in the course of slow disintegration and degradation, and that the spoils of the winter frosts are borne seaward by torrents and floods year after year, is not theory, but fact. The rate of such degradation can in many cases be measured. In some districts it has been actually measured. Whatever be the rate of denudation, whether that which our author thinks so incredible—a foot over the entire surface of a continent in six thousand years, or more or less—as to the fact of the continued action there is no doubt. The theorist is the man who says: "That the work of the creation of the earth was one of perfection defies all disproof." The word "perfection" is vague. But that rain and frost, dew and vapors, storms and floods, rivers and torrents, summer and winter, have been, and still are, changing the surface of the earth year by year, from the first epoch which has left any monument, is not a question of opinion. It is a matter as to which ignorance is possible, or knowledge; but which admits of intelligent doubt only as question of dogma.

\* The capitals and notes of admiration are in the text.

In this little burst of genuine but misdirected indignation, the author of "Scepticism in Geology" forgets the implied promise of his opening chapter to expose the errors of geologists as to the antiquity of man upon the earth. Under the influence of the sympathy which we feel for the aim of the writer, and of our respect for the ability with which he has handled certain portions of his theme, we can hardly regret that this is the case. Unconsciously, but very decidedly, as he has approached this portion of the subject, "Verifier" has edged off from the safe ground of enquiry into fact into the perilous bog of assumption of what must have been. "The hunger of the mind to see every natural occurrence resting on a cause, and the vanity of believing that modern science can account for and explain everything, appear to create in the scientific mind a stubborn resistance to the belief in a first cause." Entertaining this view, the author opposes to it his own hypothesis in the words: "Is there any inconsistency in supposing that when a potter moulds a vase out of a lump of clay, he should put forth his greatest energy, and exert his utmost skill, to finish and turn it out perfect? That achieved, would there be any reason for his continuing to revolve his wheel slowly for an indefinite time?" The author is, as is but natural, misled by an inappropriate metaphor, as well as by inexact use of terms. If perfection be the adaptation of structure to condition, it would be impossible to deny that the mail-clad ganoids of the old red sandstone, or the gigantic reptiles of the neocomian series, were as perfect as any fish, lizard, or beast of the present age. We may here contrast the undisputed range of the earlier tyrants of the seas or the shores with the failing resistance of the red races of mankind to the firewater and the rifles of the American settler, or with the depopulation of central Africa before the slave-trader. Our duty is not to predicate what we imagine that a great First Cause ought to have done, but to trace, as far as we are able, the course of the historic revolutions of our planet, as indicated by the changing forms of palæontological life and the evidence of lithological degradation or deposit. It is possible to do this with as reverent a spirit and as profound a recognition of the action of Almighty Wisdom as it is to assume as inadmissible "a solution of the problem of cosmogony involving the absurdity that the work was left unfinished, and needs constant alteration by means of

certain mechanical self-acting operations." As far as the inorganic world is concerned there is no doubt that a constant change is in actual progress, of which the details are minute and often unobserved, but of which the aggregate is enormous. "Verifier" allows himself to prophesy: "It will eventually be acknowledged that, at the time and in the process of fashioning the globe, a power was "exerted totally different from the present course of nature." Perhaps it will; but we prefer taking no such leap into the dark. That mighty changes have occurred, for example, in the adaptation of the state of great districts of the earth to the support of different forms of life, or to the support of life at all, is one of the earliest discoveries of geology. No more lofty or truthful idea of a divine cause is formed by supposing changes in the method of its operation. If such changes have occurred, we shall no doubt in course of time become aware of the fact; and it will then be our duty to endeavor to understand the mode, and to ascertain the reason, of such change. For a longer or a shorter duration, with equal or with varying intensity, as the old order has changed, giving place to new, it has still been true that

God fulfils himself in many ways.

A word must be said as to the sudden and unexpected outburst of unnecessary indignation poured out by a nobleman, of whose motives all must speak with respect, on Mr. Bonney's most modest and inoffensive "Manual of Geology." In simple language Mr. Bonney has stated the main facts which have been ascertained as to the past history of the earth, and the inferences on which the students of those facts are in the main agreed. "It was long believed," he says, "that the human race did not appear upon the globe till a comparatively short period before written history began. . . . Numerous facts, however, oppose themselves to this belief, of which the following are too brief a sketch." The faith which is staggered by such a plain statement of truth as this is certainly not of the kind that removes mountains, unless they be mountains of evidence. It is painful to have to refer to such intolerant impatience of the light.

The assertion of Professor Huxley, made on the authority of the survey of the Dead Sea by M. Lartet, that "rain and running water, working along the old line of fracture, ultimately hollowed out the valley of the Jordan," is contrasted by "Verifier" with the evidence of a section



across the valley in question, copied from M. Lartet's work. "Just as plausibly and with as much probability," is the comment, Mr. Huxley "might attribute the image on a rusty bronze medal to the rust which corrodes it, and not to the die which stamped it." We are in possession, however, of more information on this subject than was collected by M. Lartet. A paper drawn up by Lieutenant Conder, R.E., the officer in command of the Ordnance survey of Palestine, was read before the British Association in 1874, which throws an entirely new light on the geology of Syria. Bearing testimony to the minute accuracy of the study given by M. Lartet to those parts of Palestine which he visited personally, Lieutenant Conder remarks that the map of that explorer, which in many parts is an absolute blank, in others is disfigured by false conclusions, drawn apparently from hearsay evidence. After mentioning the extent of country covered by black basalt, south of the Sea of Galilee, before undescribed, the trapezoid outbreak on Carmel, and the evidence of the former existence of a tertiary volcanic lake south-west of that mountain, Lieutenant Conder says:—

The western shore of the Dead Sea is bounded by steep, precipitous cliffs, at the foot of which are marls and conglomerates belonging to an ancient sea-level. At the top of these cliffs are marls of a similar character, giving a second level; and from these the marl hills rise rapidly to a third level, that of the Bukeya, or raised plain, situate at the foot of the main chain of hills, and below the Convent of Mar Saba. This gives a series of three successive steps, each of which seems at some period to have formed the bed of a lake, under conditions similar to those of the present sea. There is, however, a very curious feature observable, the narrow valley running north and south, and separating a line of chalk cliffs immediately adjoining the Bukeya from the hard dolomite beds of the main chain. It is, in fact, evidence of a fault or sudden fold in the strata, the existence of which seems to have been hitherto unsuspected. Advancing north, we find a broad basin north of the Dead Sea, in which Jericho stands; which has an exact counterpart on the east side of the valley. The same contortion of strata is remarkable, and the higher level is occupied by beds of a reddish marl, and of the famous stink-stone or bituminous limestone; evidence that at this early geological period a lake existed under conditions similar to those of the present Dead Sea. From this point we succeeded in tracing an ancient shore line at a level equal to the second step on the west shore for a distance of over twenty miles up the valley. Thence a narrow gorge, with

strata less violently contorted, extends for some ten miles. The valley then broadens again; and the shore deposits and red marl reappear and extend along the side of the upper basin south of the Sea of Galilee. I have submitted these observations to professional geologists; and their opinion confirms that which I formed upon the spot—that the Jordan valley was caused by a sudden and probably violent depression in times subsequent to the late cretaceous period; that it presented at first a chain of great lakes; and that no less than three levels for these lakes are to be found, the area of the most ancient being the greatest.

It is highly probable that the depression of the Jordan valley, which is such that the level of the surface of the Dead Sea is thirteen hundred feet below that of the Mediterranean, and which, there is much reason to believe, is still slowly increasing, may be due to volcanic action in Galilee and the Lejja. The date of activity in this district is not accurately known. It is, at all events, as late as the tertiary age. It is interesting to see how one of the latest contributions to our knowledge of physical geology bears witness to the comparatively recent operation of forces on a scale now unusual, although probably by no means rare in earlier geologic time.

In Mr. Haughton's little book, which bears the same relation to some other textbooks that wax bears to honey, or the work of the bee to that of the ant, all the collected store having passed through the alembic of a reflective mind, the question of geological time is thus stated:—

Any person who has paid even the slightest attention to the science of geology must be aware of the fact, that the whole of our knowledge with regard to age in this science is confined to relative age, and that with respect to absolute age we have little or no real information; and in this absence of positive knowledge as to the absolute age of rocks, geologists have sometimes indulged in the wildest and most extraordinary statements and speculations (p. 79).

That the advent of man [says Mr. Woodward] took place very much earlier than our forefathers imagined, is a point about which there can be no question whatever; and although this conclusion is repugnant to many minds of a conservative nature who are unable to receive the facts upon which it is founded, it is nevertheless a conclusion which is fully established as true. . . . This we do know, that man lived in this country and throughout western Europe with the lion and hairy elephant, the hyæna and woolly rhinoceros. . . . In his weapons of warfare and of the chase he resembled the dwellers on the shores of Arctic seas; and, judging from the



associated animals, he probably lived in an age when continental conditions and higher mountains produced much greater extremes of climate than are found in the same countries now. . . . Although we cannot assign a date to his first appearance, we must refer him to a period so remote that wide valleys have been scooped out, and whole races of animals exterminated, since his time; but how long it took to bring this about we cannot yet tell.\*

In fact, as part of a view at once modest and profound, of the great series of authentic monumental records which are inscribed on the stony leaves of the successive strata of the earth's surface, the question of longer or shorter time becomes comparatively unimportant. We have not, at present, at least, the means of translating geological into astronomical time. We ought not to undervalue the importance of such a relation, a key to which we may perhaps hereafter discover; but at all events such value is but small, in comparison with that of the main features of the teaching of the rocks. While one school of naturalists is very anxious to convince the world that everything is as it must have unavoidably been, and that organic nature has organized itself, we must confess that a loftier conception of the order and sequence of the palæontologic record seems to us both more rational and more noble. That the mighty maze is not without a plan, can only be denied by those who lose their way in the labyrinth. That the plan made itself is not, to our view, a very rational theory. The greater the delicacy of self-adaptation, as evinced in the history of any specific form, to changing conditions, the higher, it seems to us, must be the idea formed of the power and wisdom under the exercise of which the parent form first had being, and the steady progress was effected. In our limited capacity for knowledge it may seem less wonderful that a man should be the descendant of a fish or of a sponge than that his first parent should have stood upright and conversed with his Maker. But the incapacity for self-origination is not more obvious in the one case than in the other; and if we look at the formative power as exterior to the living form, the humbler the first nucleus of life, the more prescient and potent must the exercise of that formative power appear to the imagination.

It is true that the efficacy of the principle of natural selection, as the law accounting for the development of all existing

forms of life, has been implicitly abandoned by the author of the theory. The admission of the power of sexual selection, as some of Mr. Darwin's disciples have more or less dimly perceived, is fatal to the unity of the former theory. If an organ or a quality be of use to the animal, as the trunk to the elephant, it is due, we are told, to the gradual growth of the snouts of successive elephants, because such growth was a convenience, and the longer-snouted creature obtained food with more ease than the shorter-snouted one. Were this the case we should expect that, instead of finding at this period of time the varied lips of the elephant, the peccary, the horse, and even the hog, we should find the most useful general type to have been attained by a common pachyderm snout. The result of natural selection, if it were so potent an influence as its believers urge, would be, in our opinion, to produce unity rather than diversity of type. The whole order of palæontological development evinces an increase in diversity of form and in specialization of function. Natural selection, we apprehend, would be a more tenable hypothesis if the order of succession were absolutely inverted. However that may be, when the action of a second independent principle is introduced, the value of the first, as a sole or even as a controlling element, is destroyed. The tail of the humming-bird or of the peacock has been of no advantage to the creature in procuring food. It must rather have been an obstacle than otherwise to its pursuit of sustenance, or to its care of its young. When asked how this, and other useless beauties of the organic world, have come into being, we are therefore referred to the principle of "sexual selection." Hen humming-birds and hen pea-fowl have so long and so steadfastly admired tufted and ocellated tails in their mates, that the birds better provided in this way than their fellows have always had the choice of the strongest hens; and thus, in the succession of ages, have grown their tails to their actual development.

With regard to this, however, the same doubt occurs about the major proposition that arose in the former case. Is it likely that there should have been such a steady sexual taste? All our experience, whether of the human race or of the animal tribes, points in the opposite direction. What care the breeders of pigeons have to take to provide against an aberrant sexual selection in the hen-birds of valuable varieties! How often a pure-bred tumbler, or pouter or fantail will select some absolute

\* *Geology of England and Wales*, p. 432.

mongrel for a mate, rather than delight in the nobility of her own blood, if the chance be possible! Do we find that black beards, or brown beards, or red beards, are developed amongst ourselves by the steady effect of feminine admiration? Do we find, as a rule, that like does select like? Are not the majority of instances just the reverse? Does not the small man admire the stately woman, the dark man admire the golden or flaxen blonde, the negro worship the white woman? Sexual taste, so far as we know, is not absolutely capricious, is rather awakened by unlikeness than by likeness. Its tendency, so far as we can see, is therefore not to form permanent varieties, but to obliterate them.

Let us suppose, however, that this view is erroneous. Let us admit, as matter of hypothesis, that the secular development of the most useful structure, from the very fact of its utility, tends to produce, and not to diminish variety. Let us admit, also, under the same reserve, that the tendency of the mutual admiration of the sexes is in the direction of the production and maintenance of distinct varieties of form, and not in that of rendering permanent an average or common type. How do these opposite laws accord in their operation? Two primary influences are said to be at work; the one is utility, the other caprice. To ascertain the working of the first, we have only to discover what is actually useful for the maintenance of animal life, but to the second we have no key. The origin of the sexual admiration, leading to sexual selection, is absolutely obscure. Utility it is not, for in that case the hypothesis of natural selection would be brought into play. Whence does this useless emotion, which plays so powerful and so perplexing a part in the formation of varieties, spring? To say that it is pure caprice does not mend the matter much. A personal, automatic, incalculable element is admitted to exist alongside of the rational, calculable, iron force of utility. What is this but to destroy the whole logical value of the theory of natural selection?

One thing is certain, namely, that if these two forces, the certain and the uncertain, the calculable and the incalculable, do coexist and interfere, the problem of the resolution of such forces is utterly insoluble. The eye is struck by a graceful form or by a brilliant color. The old-fashioned philosopher recognizes in this one of the countless embodiments of those ideas of grace and of beauty which he believes to be part of a certain ideal excellence, after

which the order of nature has been framed. The philosopher of the new school quietly tells him that such a notion is nonsense. "No shadow of reason can be assigned for the belief that variations were intentionally and specially guided." Necessity, or survival of the fittest, caused all variations, except those which were due to the fancy of the variants. If you ask how that fancy arose, there is no reply. Thus, if an organ or a development be of utility, it is due to natural selection; otherwise it is due to sexual selection. If it be doubtful how far it is useful, and how far only beautiful or quaint, it is doubtful to which cause it is due. It is also altogether unknown what is the origin of the second asserted cause of modification. And this is called a philosophic view of the automatic development of the organic world!

The author of "Scepticism in Geology" has not referred to the most powerful arguments yet adduced against what is called the uniformitarian theory. Geology, whatever be its actual advance, is but one branch of natural science. Not only must any sound geological theory, therefore, be in accordance with the ascertained truths of natural philosophy, but it must be controlled by those more general and more certain data which are to be obtained by the physicist and by the physical astronomer. The address delivered to the Geological Society of Glasgow (Feb. 27, 1868), by Sir W. Thomson, "On Geological Time," has laid down certain lines and limits which no reasonable speculator can attempt to overstep. By reasoning as lucid as that of the "*Principia*" itself, Sir William has demonstrated the fact that a secular retardation of the rotation of the earth is caused by the tides. A second and independent proof that geological time is limited, deduced from the laws of heat, is to be found in the paper "On Geological Dynamics," by the same author, read to the same audience on February 19, 1869. In this, Professor Huxley's address to the Geological Society of London (Feb. 19, 1869) is submitted to a damaging, or rather totally destructive, criticism. From these masterly papers it is clearly evident that the enormous demands on time made by the uniformitarian geologists, so far from being based on any observed phenomena, are irreconcilable with an intelligent consideration of physical law. Almost everything, in fact, points to the conclusion that the erosive, transporting, and upheaving actions of nature were formerly far more active than is now the case. One thing alone

stands on the opposite side of the question. The contrast is thus stated by Sir W. Thomson: "The limitation of geological periods imposed by physical science, cannot, of course, disprove the hypothesis of transmutation of species. But it does seem sufficient to disprove the doctrine that transmutation has taken place through 'descent with modification by natural selection.'" The only necessity for the assumption that "a far longer period than three hundred million years has elapsed since the latter part of the secondary period"\* is to give time for the operation of that law, which has been invented by Mr. Darwin, and which is thus proved to be inconsistent with well-known and established principles of natural science.

We take leave of the theory of self-creation. It is not by the insertion, three or four times in every page, of the words, "by the process of natural selection," that the existence of any such process can be proved. But it is difficult to see what better proof has been adduced. Confessedly, not a single pertinent observation can be cited in behalf of the fantasy. Variations, where their history is known, have been due to the action of controlling will. The deduction made from the fact is, that variability proves the absence of controlling will. There is good reason to hold that the action of such a law as that of selection, if it existed, would be the reverse of that which is known to have occurred—that is to say, that it would have tended to diminish, instead of to produce, differences. The only assumed advantage of the imaginary law, its aptness to account for facts, is rendered nugatory by the enforced supplement of the equally imaginary law of sexual selection, which is also supposed to have worked in a direction contrary to observation. Finally, the attempt to obtain elbow-room for the operation of natural selection has driven its supporters to assume an invariability in cosmical action, and a secular permanence of existing conditions, which are inconsistent with known data of natural science, and are pronounced impossible alike by the astronomer and the physicist.

Space now fails for the pursuit of an investigation to which the utterances of the geologist and of the naturalist equally invite. A sketch of the order of nature, not in the organic world alone, but exhibiting how, so far back as the stony records of the past have been deciphered, certain great laws of fitness and of progress have

operated with unvarying force, demands more room than remains now available even for the most elementary outline. The general thesis, that as far back as organic relics can be identified there has been a perfect adaptation of type or form of being to habitat and to condition, will not be disputed by the palæontologist. Neither will he deny that, during a succession of changes which cannot be as yet in any way measured by astronomic time, there has prevailed the same law of increase in specialization of function. The earlier animals were at once more complex and more simple than the later tribes. They were more complex, inasmuch as they contained the germs or indications of organs, of which the developments have been wrought out, in fuller detail, in particular tribes of later origin. They were more simple, inasmuch as they possessed no organ so specially fitted for one sole function as is the case in many of the later births of time. Thus the fish of the old red sandstone foreshadowed, and may perhaps have been the ancestors of, not only the bony fish of modern seas, but of the reptiles of the permian and lias rocks, and perhaps of the two great subclasses of air-breathing quadrupeds that now inhabit the old and the new worlds. Mr. Darwin will not be the last to admit that anatomical research has traced forecasts of the structure of the whale, of the crocodile, of the salmon, of the platypus, and even of the kangaroo, in the cartilaginous masters of the ancient deep. From our point of view it would have been to be expected that the principle of natural selection would have tended rather to maintain, and perhaps to intensify, the general faculties of the cartilaginous fish, than to split up its descendants into the various tribes we have named; to say nothing of sub-divisions ranging to an almost infinite degree of variation. It will be replied that the latter has been the course that has actually occurred. That is so, no doubt. But it does not follow that it has occurred in consequence of the action of the principle of natural selection. To many persons it will appear more correct to say that the actual history of organic forms is the negation of the action of any such principle, at all events as a controlling law.

It is not, however, foreign to the considerations which led us to direct the attention of our readers to the arguments of the author of "Scepticism in Geology," to point out the remarkable coincidence—hitherto, we apprehend, by no means

\* Origin of Species, ed. 1859, p. 287.

duly described — between the succession of conditions through which our planet has passed since it was tenanted by living beings, and those ancient and venerable Hebrew records which, at a time when geology was undreamed of, mapped out the sequence of the days of creation. The geological record, as usually studied, ascends like a pedigree. We commence with the organic forms of to-day, and go back to those of yesterday, and then to those of the remoter past. For our present object we must reverse this order, and, giving only the heading of the successive chapters, begin at the beginning.

The first chapter of the self-recorded history of the planet earth comprises a long period to which the name, now known to be by no means accurate, of the azoic period has been given. The solid surface of the earth then presented a crystalline nucleus. From the primary and unstratified materials of the granite, syenite, porphyry, greenstone, and trapean rocks — substances closely akin to the lava of to-day — the successive layers of gneiss, mica schist, slates, sands, and conglomerates were formed by the conflicting forces of nature. If we use the language of D'Orbigny and the French geologists, it must be remembered that the term "upheaval" may be relative, and may denote such action as is now going on, or at all events has comparatively recently taken place, in the valley of the Jordan, as well as that of which Monte Nuovo gives us an example, within late historic times, on the shores of the Bay of Naples. At the time of which we speak, then, the mountain range of La Vendée was upheaved. Ten thousand feet of thickness attained by the Cambrian beds attest the immense duration of this first, comparatively lifeless, period. The astronomical elements of form and movement seem to have been almost the only features that were common to the earth of this first day and that of our own time. Volcanic and thermic, rather than organic, agency, came into energetic play when the light was first divided from the darkness.

A vast oceanic period succeeds. An aerial atmosphere and an aqueous robe surrounded the no longer lifeless earth. The great groups of the placoid and ganoid fishes ranged the seas which deposited the Silurian and Devonian rocks. Together with animal forms of aquatic respiration and primary simplicity, existed large and heavily armed fishes, creatures of which the reptile affinities were so apparent to Linnaeus that he classed the few remain-

ing species as *Amphibia nantia*, animals which afforded in their structure the promise of future forms of a higher and more varied life. Such as they were, they were the fit lords of the earth, or rather of the ocean, of their day. Plinlimmon and Snowdon rocks; sands, limes, and conglomerates; siliceous, quartzose, and slaty strata; sands, marls, and tilestones, forming the old red sandstone of the Devonian series, mark the dividing of the waters from the waters of the terrestrial and the aerial oceans.

The third period, divided from the preceding by the upheaval of the Ballons, witnessed the deposit of the mountain limestone, of the millstone grit, and of the coal measures. The latter were the scene of a rich and fertile vegetation. The labor of the miner has brought to light ample evidence that the dry land had appeared and brought forth grass, and herb, and tree. Animal life, of air-breathing structure, was not wanting amid the giant forests. Insects flitted beneath their shade. A terrestrial fauna, as well as a terrestrial flora — if the term may include cryptogamic vegetation — testifies to the activity of terrestrial life during the great carboniferous period of the earth's history.

A new series of organic forms is introduced in the fourth great geological day, separated from the preceding period by the upheaval of the north of England range of mountains. Climates, and seasons, and tides, and winds, to some extent resembling those of our own time, have left marks of their course during this long herpetiferous period. The permian and triassic rocks, the lias, and the oolite, are all characterized by the predominance of reptile forms. Gigantic saurians swam, and waded, and crawled, and walked, and even flew. Forms which now defy the anatomist to rank in existing classes — feathered reptiles, birds with tails like squirrels — marked this stage of protochthonic existence. Insect life was busy. Probably at no geologic epoch were the ideas of change, of progress, of development, and of an immense, and not very dimly indicated, future, so distinctly wrought out in the fauna of our planet. Reptile life, the animal life which of all kinds is most directly dependent on the sun, active in his rays, and torpid in his absence, reigned over earth on the fourth day.

The upheaval of the Côte d'Or ushers in the fifth great day. The most striking characteristic of the epoch has not hitherto been pointed out. It was a second oceanic



period. It comprised the time of the deposit of the chalk, of the Purbeck and Hastings beds, of the Weald clay, the gault, and the green sand. During this epoch the waters brought forth abundantly. The characteristic inhabitants of the modern seas and rivers, the cycloid and ctenoid fish — the bony fishes, quite distinct in their anatomy from the cartilaginous fishes, such as the sharks and rays, which were the children of an older ocean — now first appeared. Remains of birds occur in the chalk, although they are, as is natural in marine deposits, rare. Great fish moved in the waters, and fowl flew above the earth in the open firmament of heaven.

The Pyrenees form the mountain barrier, the upheaval of which marks the limit between the fifth and the sixth day. We have now reached the kainozoic strata. Mammalia appear on the scene. Cattle, and creeping thing, and beast of the earth after his kind, herald the advent of man. We can now trace step by step the progress of that well-ordered development of which we have only collected few and distant relics in the earlier portions of the scene. The action of the same law, however, is perceptible. Permanence of type, coexisting with modification of detail, appears to be the central rule of organic development. That modification of detail is continually in the direction of increased specialization of function. Forms and organs of general, are replaced by those of special, utility. That this should be the case during any great inorganic revolution in the condition of the earth is not matter of wonder. As the amphibious and lacertine forms of life delight in the muddy confines of land and water, so we can imagine that a period of vast paludic life, when the dry land was only commencing its consolidation, and marsh and swamp, covered with cryptogamic vegetation, spread over vast areas of the surface of our planet, were especially suitable for that vigorous activity of lacertine forms which we know to have then existed. But it should be needless to point out the old fallacy of *post hoc ergo propter hoc*. With the drying of the earth, and the gradual attainment of its actual physical condition, the increase in detail and speciality of function of its animal inhabitants has, in point of fact, coexisted. It does not follow that it was thus produced; and many of the later phenomena of the varieties of species are not altogether consistent with such an hypothesis.

If the strata of which we have spoken as naturally divided into six great systems,

or days, be graphically arranged and drawn to scale, an approach to the exhibition of a remarkable law of sequence will at once catch the eye. It is one of the same kind as that which is well known as Bode's law of planetary distances. We desire to speak with all due reserve. We are hardly in a position to catch more than a glimpse of the truth; for our measurements of the different strata are as yet so few, and so strictly local, that no geologist can give a reliable section of the crust of the earth as a whole, showing the average thickness of the successive strata of deposit. But with this caution it may be remarked that there is an approach to the diminution of deposit, and thus, probably, to that of lapse of time, somewhat approaching to the rate at which the spaces between the planets diminish as they approach the sun. The strata of the first system before described afford a known depth of fifty-two thousand eight hundred feet. Those of the second have been estimated at a little over twenty-seven thousand feet. The carboniferous systems, as before limited, have a total depth of thirteen thousand six hundred and fifty feet. The herpetiferous group of rocks is more than eight thousand feet in thickness. The cretaceous system has been measured at three thousand three hundred and fifty feet. As to this it should be remarked that a deposit of the nature of the chalk, which modern research has shown to be at this moment going on at the bottom of the sea in some regions, will be far slower in its accretion than mechanical deposits, such as those of sands, limes, and clays. The tertiary strata have been measured at one thousand three hundred and fifty feet in depth. We must repeat the caution that these measurements are not offered as a true average of the depths of the successive systems mentioned. But they are figures taken without alteration from the best estimates and measurements as yet published. It is possible that more extended information may show that no such regular decrease as is intimated actually prevails. But the subject is not unworthy of attention, and, whether such a relation hereafter prove to hold good or not, it will have been no waste of time to enquire into the actual sequence, and into the approach to an estimate of time which may be based on the measurement of depths.

As to the general theory of the advance in development of animal life, from creatures not only inhabiting but breathing water, through those of mixed abode and double respiration, to land-walking, air-



breathing quadrupeds and bipeds, and to the tribes that sport in the air itself, there is no room for doubt or question. The one point to which it is most important to call attention is, that the progress of development has not been what may be called purely mechanical. It has been in waves or bounds. In the very earliest times, when, as far as we can tell, no air-breathing creature existed on our planet, and when most of the water-breathing tribes were of very low and simple organization, the cartilaginous fish showed a complexity and perfection of structure which is quite incompatible with the idea that a general self-development was the law of nature. So again in the herpetiferous period. The swimming, wading, and flying dragons of the fourth geologic day — the Ichthyosaurs, plesiosaurs, and pterodactyls of the trias, lias, and oolite seas and marshes, contain developments of the reptile type far higher than any now existing in life. In families as well as in classes, the geological record shows, even from its present imperfectly collected data, that growth, progress, culmination, and decay have been the general law which each group of animal forms has successively obeyed. Perhaps, as we have heard it suggested by an ingenious friend, we are ourselves living in the seventh day or period of the creation, the evening of which has not yet closed on the destinies of the globe.

The more patient, exhaustive, and profound the study given to these records of nature, the more fully may we expect to understand the great secular and structural laws under which the development of organic life has taken place. So sensible are we of the enormous disproportion between the positive geological knowledge already attained, and that which we may hope hereafter to grasp, that we had some hesitation in calling attention to a parallel, which is certainly very striking, between the book of nature and another record of primitive tradition. We can only submit it for further illustration and verification. But even in this hypothetical form it is not without a certain value. It may serve to quiet the apprehensions of those who fear the progress of scientific research. Truth is one, although truths and facts are innumerable. He is not only a bold but a foolish man who thinks that he has grasped so central a truth that all other knowledge must group itself around, and in subservience to, his theory. If anything be known, really and fully appreciated, no freshly acquired portion of knowledge can

disturb or invalidate that treasured verity. When contradiction seems to arise, the cause is not that the facts observed are delusive, but that our observation of those facts is imperfect. Even if a truth be held, after long research, with a grasp which seems indisputable, a new discovery, without discrediting the former study, may show how far it was from being exhaustive. The colors of the rainbow, and the different refractive powers of various transparent bodies, were patiently investigated by Newton. His was a theory of light founded on true observations, before the dark lines of Fraunhofer were detected in the spectrum. Who could have dreamed of the probability of the latter discovery? Still more, who could have dreamed of its results? To the investigation of these lines of no light we owe our possession of a knowledge which Auguste Comte declared to be unattainable by man, and which it was therefore a waste of time to pursue — a knowledge of definite facts of sidereal astronomy. We now know something, thanks to the spectroscope, even of the chemical constitution of some of the fixed stars, as well as of the speed and the direction of their secular motion in space. Would Newton have dreaded this discovery lest it should have interfered with his views as to light, or with his fame as the analyst of the spectrum? If the religious man fails to sympathize with those who labor to promote the advance of positive science, it is not because he is religious, but because he is unscientific. His fear, in inner truth, must arise, not from the force, but from the half-unconscious weakness, of his religious convictions.

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MACLEOD OF DARE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

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CHAPTER XXII.

DECLARATION.

NOVEMBER though it was, next morning broke brilliantly over London. There was a fresh west wind blowing; there was a clear sunshine filling the thoroughfares; if one were on the lookout for picturesqueness even in Bury Street, was there not a fine touch of color where the softly red chimney-pots rose far away into the blue?

It was not possible to have always around one the splendor of the northern sea.

And Macleod would not listen to a word his friend had to say concerning the important business that had brought them both to London.

"To-night, man — to-night; we will arrange it all to-night," he would say; and there was a nervous excitement about his manner for which the major could not at all account.

"Sha'n't I see you till the evening, then?" he asked.

"No," Macleod said, looking anxiously out of the window, as if he feared some thunderstorm would suddenly shut out the clear light of this beautiful morning. "I don't know — perhaps I may be back before — but at any rate we meet at seven. You will remember seven?"

"Indeed I am not likely to forget it," his companion said; for he had been told about five-and-thirty times.

It was about eleven o'clock when Macleod left the house. There was a grateful freshness about the morning even here in the middle of London. People looked cheerful; Piccadilly was thronged with idlers come out to enjoy the sunshine; there was still a leaf or two fluttering on the trees in the squares. Why should this man go eagerly tearing away northward in a hansom, with an anxious and absorbed look on his face, when everybody seemed inclined to saunter leisurely along, breathing the sweet wind, and feeling the sunlight on their cheek?

It was scarcely half past eleven when Macleod got out of the hansom, and opened a small gate, and walked up to the door of a certain house. He was afraid she had already gone. He was afraid she might resent his calling at so unusual an hour. He was afraid — of a thousand things. And when, at last, the trim maidservant told him that Miss White was within, and asked him to step into the drawing-room, it was almost as one in a dream that he followed her. As one in a dream, truly; but nevertheless he saw every object around him with a marvellous vividness. Next day he could recollect every feature of the room — the empty fireplace, the black-framed mirror, the Chinese fans, the small cabinets with their shelves of blue and white, and the large open book on the table, with a bit of tartan lying on it. These things seemed to impress themselves on his eyesight involuntarily; for he was in reality intently listening for a soft footfall outside the door. He went forward to this open book. It was a volume

of a work on the Highland clans — a large and expensive work that was not likely to belong to Mr. White. And this colored figure? It was the representative of the Clan Macleod; and this bit of cloth that lay on the open book was of the Macleod tartan. He withdrew quickly, as though he had stumbled on some dire secret. He went to the window. He saw only leafless trees now, and withered flowers, with the clear sunshine touching the sides of houses and walls that had in the summer months been quite invisible.

There was a slight noise behind him; he turned, and all the room seemed filled with a splendor of light and of life as she advanced to him — the clear, beautiful eyes full of gladness, the lips smiling, the hand frankly extended. And of a sudden his heart sank. Was it indeed of her,

The glory of life, the beauty of the world,

that he had dared to dream wild and impossible dreams? He had set out that morning with a certain masterful sense that he would face his fate. He had "taken the world for his pillow," as the Gaelic stories say. But at this sudden revelation of the incomparable grace, and self-possession, and high loveliness of this beautiful creature, all his courage and hopes fled instantly, and he could only stammer out excuses for his calling so early. He was eagerly trying to make himself out an ordinary visitor. He explained that he did not know but that she might be going to the theatre during the day. He was in London for a short time on business. It was an unconscionable hour.

"But I am so glad to see you," she said, with a perfect sweetness, and her eyes said more than her words. "I should have been really vexed if I had heard you had passed through London without calling on us. Won't you sit down?"

As he sat down, she turned for a second, and, without any embarrassment, shut the big book that had been lying open on the table.

"It is very beautiful weather," she remarked — there was no tremor about her fingers, at all events, as she made secure the brooch that fastened the simple morning dress at the neck — "only it seems a pity to throw away such beautiful sunshine on withered gardens and bare trees. We have some fine chrysanthemums, though; but I confess I don't like chrysanthemums myself. They come at a wrong time. They look unnatural. They only remind one of what is gone. If we are to have

winter, we ought to have it out and out; the chrysanthemums always seem to me as if they were making a pretence — trying to make you believe that there was still some life in the dead garden."

It was very pretty talk all this about chrysanthemums, uttered in the low-toned and gentle and musical voice; but somehow there was a burning impatience in his heart, and a bitter sense of hopelessness; and he felt as though he would cry out in his despair. How could he sit there and listen to talk about chrysanthemums? His hands were tightly clasped together; his heart was throbbing quickly; there was a humming in his ears as though something there refused to hear about chrysanthemums.

"I — I saw you at the theatre last night," said he.

Perhaps it was the abruptness of the remark that caused the quick blush. She lowered her eyes. But all the same she said, with perfect self-possession, —

"Did you like the piece?"

And he, too: was he not determined to play the part of an ordinary visitor?

"I am not much of a judge," said he lightly. "The drawing-room scene is very pretty. It is very like a drawing-room. I suppose those are real curtains, and real pictures?"

"Oh yes, it is all real furniture," said she.

Thereafter, for a second, blank silence. Neither dared to touch that deeper stage question that lay next their hearts. But when Keith Macleod, in many a word of timid suggestion, and in the jesting letter he sent her from Castle Dare, had ventured upon that dangerous ground, it was not to talk about the real furniture of a stage drawing-room. However, was not this an ordinary morning call? His manner — his speech — everything said so but the tightly clasped hands, and perhaps, too, a certain intensity of look in the eyes, which seemed anxious and constrained.

"Papa, at least, is proud of our chrysanthemums," said Miss White, quickly getting away from the stage question. "He is in the garden now. Will you go out and see him? I am sorry Carry has gone to school."

She rose. He rose also, and he was about to lift his hat from the table, when he suddenly turned to her.

"A drowning man will cry out — how can you prevent his crying out?"

She was startled by the change in the sound of his voice, and still more by the almost haggard look of pain and entreaty

in his eyes. He seized her hand; she would have withdrawn it, but she could not.

"You will listen. It is no harm to you. I must speak now, or I will die," said he, quite wildly, "and if you think I am mad, perhaps you are right, but people have pity for a madman. Do you know why I have come to London? It is to see you. I could bear it no longer — the fire that was burning and killing me. Oh, it is no use my saying that it is love for you — I do not know what it is, but only that I must tell you, and you cannot be angry with me — you can only pity me and go away. That is it — it is nothing to you — you can go away."

She burst into tears, and snatched her hand from him, and with both hands covered her face.

"Ah!" said he, "is it pain to you that I should tell you of this madness? But you will forgive me — and you will forget it — and it will not pain you to-morrow or any other day. Surely you are not to blame! Do you remember the days when we became friends — it seems a long time ago; but they were beautiful days, and you were very kind to me, and I was glad I had come to London to make so kind a friend. And it was no fault of yours that I went away with that sickness of the heart; and how could you know about the burning fire, and the feeling that if I did not see you I might as well be dead? And I am come — and I see you — and now I know no more what is to happen when I go away. And I will call you Gertrude for once only. Gertrude, sit down now — for a moment or two — and do not grieve any more over what is only a misfortune. I want to tell you. After I have spoken, I will go away, and there will be an end of the trouble."

She did sit down; her hands were clasped in piteous despair; he saw the teardrops on the long beautiful lashes.

"And if the drowning man cries?" said he. "It is only a breath. The waves go over him, and the world is at peace. And oh! do you know that I have taken a strange fancy of late — But I will not trouble you with that; you may hear of it afterward; you will understand, and know you have no blame, and there is an end of trouble. It is quite strange what fancies get into one's head when one is — sick — heart-sick. Do you know what I thought this morning? Will you believe it? Will you let the drowning man cry out in his madness? Why, I said to myself, 'Up, now, and have courage!'

Up, now, and be brave, and win a bride as they used to do in the old stories.' And it was you—it was you my madness thought of. 'You will tell her,' I said to myself, 'of all the love and the worship you have for her, and your thinking of her by day and by night; and she is a woman, and she will have pity. And then in her surprise, why——' But then you came into the room: it is only a little while ago, but it seems for ever and ever away now—and I have only pained you——"

She sprang to her feet, her face white, her lips proud and determined. And for a second she put her hands on his shoulders, and the wet, full, piteous eyes met his. But as rapidly she withdrew them—almost shuddering—and turned away; and her hands were apart, each clasped, and she bowed her head. Gertrude White had never acted like that on any stage.

And as for him, he stood absolutely dazed for a moment, not daring to think what that involuntary action might mean. He stepped forward, with a pale face and a bewildered air, and caught her hand. Her face she sheltered with the other, and she was sobbing bitterly.

"Gertrude," he said, "what is it? What do you mean?"

The broken voice answered, though her face was turned aside.

"It is I who am miserable."

"You who are miserable?"

She turned and looked fair into his face, with her eyes all wet, and beautiful, and piteous.

"Can't you see? Don't you understand?" she said. "Oh, my good friend! of all the men in the world, you are the very last I would bring trouble to. And I cannot be a hypocrite with you. I feared something of this; and now the misery is that I cannot say to you, 'Here, take my hand; it is yours; you have won your bride.' I cannot do it. If we were both differently situated, it might be otherwise."

"It might be otherwise!" he exclaimed, with a sudden wonder. "Gertrude, what do you mean? Situated? Is it only that? Look me in the face, now, and as you are a true woman tell me—if we were both free from all situation—if there were no difficulties—nothing to be thought of—could you give yourself to me? Would you really become my wife—you who have all the world flattering you?"

She dared not look him in the face. There was something about the vehemence of his manner that almost terrified her. But she answered bravely, in the sweet,

low, trembling voice, and with downcast eyes.

"If I were to become the wife of any one, it is your wife I would like to be; and I have thought of it. Oh, I cannot be a hypocrite with you when I see the misery I have brought you! And I have thought of giving up all my present life, and all the wishes and dreams I have cherished, and going away and living the simple life of a woman. And under whose guidance would I try that rather than yours? You made me think. But it is all a dream—a fancy. It is impossible. It would only bring misery to you and to me."

"But why—but why?" he eagerly exclaimed; and there was a new light in his face. "Gertrude, if you can say so much, why not say all? What are obstacles? There can be none if you have the fiftieth part of the love for me that I have for you. Obstacles!"—and he laughed with a strange laugh.

She looked up in his face.

"And would it be so great a happiness for you? that would make up for all the trouble I have brought you?" she said wistfully; and his answer was to take both her hands in his, and there was such a joy in his heart that he could not speak at all. But she only shook her head, somewhat sadly, and withdrew her hands, and sat down again by the table.

"It is wrong of me even to think of it," she said. "To-day I might say 'yes,' and to-morrow? You might inspire me with courage now, and afterward—I should only bring you further pain. I do not know myself. I could not be sure of myself. How could I dare drag you into such a terrible risk? It is better as it is. The pain you are suffering will go. You will come to call me your friend; and you will thank me that I refused. Perhaps I shall suffer a little too," she added, and once more she rather timidly looked up into his face. "You do not know the fascination of seeing your scheme of life, that you have been dreaming about, just suddenly put before you for acceptance; and you want all your common sense to hold back. But I know it will be better—better for both of us. You must believe me."

"I do not believe you, and I will not believe you," said he, with a proud light in his eyes; "and now you have said so much, I am not going to take any refusal at all. Not now. Gertrude, I have courage for both of us; when you are timid you will take my hand. Say it, then!



A word only! You have already said all but that!"

He seemed scarcely the same man who had appealed to her with the wild eyes and the haggard face. His look was radiant and proud. He spoke with a firm voice; and yet there was a great tenderness in his tone.

"I am sure you love me," she said, in a low voice.

"You will see," he rejoined, with a firm confidence.

"And I am not going to requite your love ill. You are too vehement. You think of nothing but the one end to it all. But I am a woman, and women are taught to be patient. Now you must let me think about all you have said."

"And you do not quite refuse?" said he.

She hesitated for a moment or two.

"I must think for you as well as for myself," she said, in a scarcely audible voice. "Give me time. Give me till the end of the week."

"At this hour I will come."

"And you will believe I have decided for the best—that I have tried hard to be fair to you as well as myself?"

"I know you are too true a woman for anything else," he said; and then he added: "Ah, well, now, you have had enough misery for one morning; you must dry your eyes now and we will go out into the garden; and if I am not to say any thing of all my gratitude to you—why? Because I hope there will be many a year to do that in, my angel of goodness."

She went to fetch a light shawl and a hat; he kept turning over the things on the table, his fingers trembling, his eyes seeing nothing. If they did see anything, it was a vision of the brown moors near Castle Dare, and a beautiful creature, clad all in cream-color and scarlet drawing near the great gray stone house.

She came into the room again; joy leaped to his eyes.

"Will you follow me?"

There was a strangely subdued air about her manner as she led him to where her father was; perhaps she was rather tired after the varied emotions she had experienced; perhaps she was still anxious. He was not anxious. It was in a glad way that he addressed the old gentleman who stood there with a spade in his hand.

"It is indeed a beautiful garden," Macleod said, looking round on the withered leaves and damp soil: "no wonder you look after it yourself."

"I am not gardening," the old man said peevishly. "I have been putting a knife in the ground—burying the hatchet, you might call it. Fancy! A man sees an old hunting-knife in a shop in Gloucester—a hunting-knife of the time of Charles I., with a beautifully carved ivory handle—and he thinks he will make a present of it to me. What does he do but go and have it ground and sharpened and polished until it looks like something sent from Sheffield the day before yesterday!"

"You ought to be very pleased, pappy, you got it at all," said Gertrude White; but she was looking elsewhere—and rather absently, too.

"And so you have buried it to restore the tone?"

"I have," said the old gentleman, marching off with the shovel to a sort of out-house.

Macleod speedily took his leave.

"Saturday next at noon," said he to her, with no timidity in his voice.

"Yes," said she, more gently, and with downcast eyes.

He walked away from the house—he knew not whither. He saw nothing around him. He walked hard, sometimes talking to himself. In the afternoon he found himself in a village in Berkshire, close by which, fortunately, there was a railway station; and he had just time to get back to keep his appointment with Major Stuart.

They sat down to dinner.

"Come now, Macleod, tell me where you have been all day," said the rosy-faced soldier, carefully tucking his napkin under his chin.

Macleod burst out laughing.

"Another day—another day, Stuart, I will tell you all about it. It is the most ridiculous story you ever heard in your life!"

It was a strange sort of laughing, for there were tears in the younger man's eyes. But Major Stuart was too busy to notice; and presently they began to talk about the real and serious object of their expedition to London.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### A RED ROSE.

FROM nervous and unreasoning dread to overweening and extravagant confidence there was but a single bound. After the timid confession she had made, how could he have any further fear? He knew now the answer she must certainly give



him. What but the one word "yes" — musical as the sound of summer seas — could fitly close and atone for all that long period of doubt and despair? And would she murmur it with the low, sweet voice, or only look it with the clear and lambent eyes? Once uttered, anyhow, surely the glad message would instantly wing its flight away to the far north, and Colonsay would hear, and the green shores of Ulva would laugh, and through all the wild dashing and roaring of the seas there would be a soft ringing as of wedding bells. The Gometra men will have a good glass that night; and who will take the news to distant Fladda, and rouse the lonely Dutchman from his winter sleep? There is a bride coming to Castle Dare!

When Norman Ogilvie had even mentioned marriage, Macleod had merely shaken his head and turned away. There was no issue that way from the wilderness of pain and trouble into which he had strayed. She was already wedded — to that cruel art that was crushing the woman within her. Her ways of life and his were separated as though by unknown oceans. And how was it possible that so beautiful a woman, surrounded by people who petted and flattered her, should not already have her heart engaged? Even if she were free, how could she have bestowed a thought on him — a passing stranger, a summer visitor, the acquaintance of an hour?

But no sooner had Gertrude White, to his sudden wonder and joy and gratitude, made that stammering confession, than the impetuosity of his passion leaped at once to the goal. He would not hear of any obstacles. He would not look at them. If she would but take his hand, he would lead her and guard her, and all would go well. And it was to this effect that he wrote to her day after day, pouring out all the confidences of his heart to her, appealing to her, striving to convey to her something of his own high courage and hope. Strictly speaking, perhaps, it was not quite fair that he should thus have disturbed the calm of her deliberation. Had he not given her till the end of the week to come to a decision? But when in his eagerness he thought of some further reason, some further appeal, how could he remain silent? With the prize so near, he could not let it slip from his grasp through the consideration of niceties of conduct. By rights he ought to have gone up to Mr. White and begged for permission to pay his addresses to the old gentleman's daughter. He forgot all

about that. He forgot that Mr. White was in existence. All his thinking from morning till night — and through much of the night too — was directed on her answer, the one small word filled with a whole worldful of light and joy.

"If you will only say that one little word," he wrote to her, "then everything else becomes a mere trifle. If there are obstacles and troubles and what not, we will meet them one by one, and dispose of them. There can be no obstacles if we are of one mind; and we shall be of one mind, sure enough, if you will say you will become my wife; for there is nothing I will not consent to; and I shall only be too glad to have opportunities of showing my great gratitude to you for the sacrifice you must make. I speak of it as a sacrifice; but I do not believe it is one: whatever you may think now, and whatever natural regret you may feel, you will grow to feel there was no evil done you when you were drawn away from the life that now surrounds you. And if you were to say, 'I will become your wife only on one condition — that I am not asked to abandon my career as an actress' — still I would say, 'Become my wife.' Surely matters of arrangement are mere trifles — after you have given me your promise. And when you have placed your hand in mine (and the motto of the Macleods is *Hold fast*) we can study conditions and obstacles, and the other nonsense that our friends are sure to suggest, at our leisure. I think I already hear you say 'Yes;' I listen and listen until I almost hear your voice. And if it is to be 'Yes,' will you wear a red rose in your dress on Saturday? I shall see that before you speak. I will know what your message is, even if there are people about. One red rose only."

"Macleod," said Major Stuart to him, "did you come to London to write love-letters?"

"Love-letters!" he said angrily; but then he laughed. "And what did you come to London for?"

"On a highly philanthropic errand," said the other gravely, "which I hope to see fulfilled to-morrow. And if we have a day or two to spare, that is well enough, for one cannot be always at work; but I did not expect to take a holiday in the company of a man who spends three-fourths of the day at a writing-desk."

"Nonsense!" said Macleod, though there was some telltale color in his face. "All the writing I have done to-day would not fill up twenty minutes. And if I am a

dull companion, is not Norman Ogilvie coming to dinner to-night to amuse you?"

While they were speaking a servant brought in a card.

"Ask the gentleman to come up," Macleod said, and then he turned to his companion. "What an odd thing! I was speaking to you a minute ago about that drag accident. And here is Beauregard himself."

The tall, rough-visaged man — stooping slightly as though he thought the doorway was a trifle low — came forward and shook hands with Macleod, and was understood to inquire about his health, though what he literally said was, "Hawya, Macleod, hawya?"

"I heard you were in town from Paul-ton — you remember Paulton who dined with you at Richmond? He saw you in a hansom yesterday; and I took my chance of finding you in your old quarters. What are you doing in London?"

Macleod briefly explained.

"And you?" he asked, "what has brought you to London? I thought you and Lady Beauregard were in Ireland."

"We have just come over, and go down to Weatherill to-morrow. Won't you come down and shoot a pheasant or two before you return to the Highlands?"

"Well, the fact is," Macleod said, hesitatingly, "my friend and I — by the way, let me introduce you — Lord Beauregard, Major Stuart — the fact is, we ought to go back directly after we have settled this business."

"But a day or two won't matter. Now let me see. Plymley comes to us on Monday next, I think. We could get up a party for you on the Tuesday; and if your friend will come with you, we shall be six guns, which I always think the best number."

The gallant major showed no hesitation whatever. The chance of blazing away at a whole atmosphereful of pheasants — for so he construed the invitation — did not often come in his way.

"I am quite sure a day or two won't make any difference," said he quickly. "In any case, we were not thinking of going till Monday, and that would only mean an extra day."

"Very well," Macleod said.

"Then you will come down to dinner on the Monday evening. I will see if there is no alteration in the trains, and drop you a note with full instructions. Is it a bargain?"

"It is."

"All right. I must be off now. Good-by."

Major Stuart jumped to his feet with great alacrity, and warmly shook hands with the departing stranger. Then, when the door was shut, he went through a pantomimic expression of bringing down innumerable pheasants from every corner of the ceiling, with an occasional aim at the floor, where an imaginary hare was scurrying by.

"Macleod, Macleod," said he, "you are a trump. You may go on writing love-letters from now till next Monday afternoon. I suppose we shall have a good dinner, too?"

"Beauregard is said to have the best *chef* in London; and I don't suppose they would leave so important a person in Ireland."

"You have my gratitude, Macleod — eternal, sincere, unbounded," the major said seriously.

"But it is not I who am asking you to go and massacre a lot of pheasants," said Macleod; and he spoke rather absently, for he was thinking of the probable mood in which he would go down to Weatherill. One of a generous gladness and joy, the outward expression of an eager and secret happiness to be known by none? Or what if there were no red rose at all on her bosom when she advanced to meet him with sad eyes?

They went down into Essex next day. Major Stuart was surprised to find that his companion talked not so much about the price of machines for drying saturated crops as about the conjectural cost of living in the various houses they saw from afar, set amid the leafless trees of November.

"You don't think of coming to live in England, do you?" said he.

"No — at least not at present," Macleod said. "Of course one never knows what may turn up. I don't propose to live at Dare all my life."

"Your wife might want to live in England," the major said coolly.

Macleod started and stared.

"You have been writing a good many letters of late," said his companion.

"And is that all?" said Macleod, answering him in the Gaelic. "You know the proverb — *Tossing the head will not make the boat row*. I am not married yet."

The result of this journey was that they agreed to purchase one of the machines for transference to the rainy regions of Mull; and then they returned to London. This was on a Wednesday. Major Stuart considered they had a few days to idle by be-

fore the *battue*; Macleod was only excitedly aware that Thursday and Friday—two short November days—came between him and that decision which he regarded with an anxious joy.

The two days went by in a sort of dream. A pale fog hung over London; and as he wandered about he saw the tall houses rise faintly blue into the gray mist; and the great coffee-colored river, flushed with recent rains, rolled down between the pale embankments; and the golden-red globe of the sun, occasionally becoming visible through the mottled clouds, sent a ray of fire here and there on some window-pane or lamp.

In the course of his devious wanderings—for he mostly went about alone—he made his way, with great trouble and perplexity, to the court in which the mother of Johnny Wickes lived; and he betrayed no shame at all in confronting the poor woman—half starved and pale and emaciated as she was—whose child he had stolen. It was in a tone of quite gratuitous pleasantry that he described to her how the small lad was growing brown and fat; and he had the audacity to declare to her that as he proposed to pay the boy the sum of one shilling per week at present, he might as well hand over to her the three months' pay which he had already earned. And the woman was so amused at the notion of little Johnny Wickes being able to earn any thing at all, that, when she received the money, and looked at it, she burst out crying; and she had so little of the spirit of the British matron, and so little regard for the laws of her country, that she invoked Heaven knows what—Heaven does know what—blessings on the head of the very man who had carried her child into slavery.

"And the first time I am going over to Oban," said he, "I will take him with me, and I will get a photograph of him made, and I will send you the photograph. And did you get the rabbits?" said he.

"Yes, indeed, sir, I got the rabbits."

"And it is a very fine poacher your son promises to be, for he got every one of the rabbits with his own snare, though I am thinking it was old Hamish was showing him how to use it. And I will say good-bye to you now."

The poor woman seemed to hesitate for a second.

"If there was any sewing, sir," said she, wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron, "that I could do for your good lady, sir—"

"But I am not married," said he quickly.

"Ah, well, indeed, sir," she said, with a sigh.

"But if there is any lace, or sewing, or anything like that you can send to my mother, I have no doubt she will pay you for it as well as any one else—"

"I was not thinking of paying, sir, but to show you I am not ungrateful," was the answer—and if she said *hungry*, what matter? She was a woman without spirit: she had sold away her son.

From this dingy court he made his way round to Covent Garden Market, and he went into a florist's shop there.

"I want a bouquet," said he to the neat-handed maiden who looked up at him.

"Yes, sir," said she; "will you look at those in the window?"

"But I want one," said he, "with a single rose—a red rose—in the centre."

This proposition did not find favor in the eyes of the mild-mannered artist, who explained to him that something more important and ornate was necessary in the middle of a bouquet. He could have a circle of rosebuds, if he liked, outside; and a great white lily or camellia in the centre. He could have—this thing and the next. She showed him how she could combine the features of this bouquet with those of the next. But the tall Highlander remained obdurate.

"Yes," said he, "I think you are quite right. You are quite right, I am sure. But it is this that I would rather have—only one red rose in the centre, and you can make the rest what you like, only I think if they were smaller flowers, and all white, that would be better."

"Very well," said the young lady, with a pleasing smile (she was rather good-looking herself), "I will try what I can do for you if you don't mind waiting. Will you take a chair?"

He was quite amazed by the dexterity with which those nimble fingers took from one cluster and another cluster the very flowers he would himself have chosen, and by the rapid fashion in which they were dressed, fitted, and arranged. The work of art grew apace.

"But you must have something to break the white," said she, smiling, "or it will look too like a bride's bouquet;" and with that—almost in the twinkling of an eye—she had put a circular line of dark purple-blue through the cream-white blossoms. It was a splendid rose that lay in the midst of all that beauty.

"What price would you like to give, sir?" the gentle Phillis had said at the very outset. "Half a guinea—fifteen shillings?"

"Give me a beautiful rose," said he, "and I do not mind what the price is."

And at last the lace paper was put round; and a little further trimming and setting took place; and finally the bouquet was swathed in soft white wool and put into a basket.

"Shall I take the address?" said the young lady, no doubt expecting that he would write it on the back of one of his cards. But no. He dictated the address; and then laid down the money. The astute young person was puzzled—perhaps disappointed.

"Is there no message, sir?" said she; "no card?"

"No; but you must be sure to have it delivered to-night."

"It shall be sent off at once," said she, probably thinking that this was a very foolish young man who did not know the ways of the world. The only persons of whom she had any experience who sent bouquets without a note or a letter were husbands, who were either making up a quarrel with their wives or going to the opera, and she had observed that on such occasions the difference between twelve and sixpence and fifteen shillings was regarded and considered.

He slept but little that night; and next morning he got up nervous and trembling—like a drunken man—with half the courage and confidence that had so long sustained him gone. Major Stuart went out early. He kept pacing about the room until the frightfully slow half-hours went by; he hated the clock on the mantelpiece. And then, by a strong effort of will, he delayed starting until he should barely have time to reach her house by twelve o'clock, so that he should have the mad delight of eagerly wishing the hansom had a still more furious speed. He had chosen his horse well. It wanted five minutes to the appointed hour when he arrived at the house.

Did this trim maidservant know? Was there anything of welcome in the demure smile? He followed her; his face was pale, though he knew it not; in the dusk of the room he was left alone.

But what was this, on the table? He almost uttered a cry as his bewildered eyes fixed themselves on it. The very bouquet he had sent the previous evening; and behold!—behold!—the red rose wanting! And then, at the same moment, he turned; and there was a vision of something all in white—that came to him timidly—all in white but for the red star of love shining there. And she did not speak at all; but

she buried her head in his bosom; and he held her hands tight.

And now what will Ulva say; and the lonely shores of Fladda; and the distant Dutchman, roused from his wintry sleep amid the wild waves? Far away over the white sands of Iona—and the sunlight must be shining there now—there is many a sacred spot fit for the solemn plighting of lovers' vows; and if there is any organ wanted, what more noble than the vast Atlantic rollers booming into the Bourg and Gribun caves? Surely they must know already; for the sea birds have caught the cry; and there is a sound all through the glad rushing of the morning seas like the sound of wedding bells. *There is a bride coming to Castle Dare.* The islands listen; and the wild sea calls again; and the green shores of Ulva grow greener still in the sunlight. There is a bride coming to Castle Dare; and the bride is dressed all in white—only she wears a red rose.

From The Fortnightly Review.

#### DIDEROT AT SAINT PETERSBURG.\*

"WHAT would you say of the owner of an immense palace, who should spend all his life in going up from the cellars to the attics, and going down from attics to cellar, instead of sitting quietly in the midst of his family? That is the image of the traveller." Yet Diderot, whose words these are, resolved at the age of sixty to undertake no less formidable a journey than to the remote capital on the shores of the Neva. It had come into his head, or perhaps others had put it into his head, that he owed a visit to his imperial benefactress, whose bounty had made life easier to him. He had recently made the acquaintance of two Russian personages of consideration. One of them was the Princess Dashkoff, who was believed to have taken a prominent part in the confused conspiracy of 1762 which ended in the murder of Peter III. by Alexis Orloff, and the elevation of Catherine II. to the throne. Her services at that critical moment had not prevented her disgrace, if indeed they were not its cause, and in 1770 the princess set out on her travels. Horace Walpole has described the curiosity of the London world to see the Muscovite Alecko, the accomplice of the northern Athaliah, the amazon who had

\* A chapter from a forthcoming work.



taken part in a revolution when she was only nineteen. In England she made a pleasant impression, in spite of eyes of "a very Catiline fierceness." She was equally delighted with England, and when she went on from London to Paris, she took very little trouble to make friends in the capital of the rival nation. Diderot seems to have been her only intimate. The princess called nearly every afternoon at his door, carried him off to dinner and kept him talking and declaiming until the early hours of the next morning. The "hurricanes of his enthusiastic nature" delighted her, and she remembered for years afterwards how on one occasion she excited him to such a pitch that he sprang from his chair as if by machinery, strode rapidly up and down the room, and spat upon the floor with passion.

The Prince Galitzin was a Russian friend of greater importance. Prince Galitzin was one of those foreigners, like Holbach, Grimm, Galiani, who found themselves more at home in Paris than anywhere else in the world. Living mostly among artists and men of letters, he became an established favorite. With Diderot's assistance (1767) he acquired for the empress many of the pictures that adorn the great gallery at St. Petersburg, and Diderot praises his knowledge of the fine arts, the reason being that he has that great principle of true taste, the *belle âme*. "One must have soul," as Vauvenargues said, "in order to have taste." He wrote eclogues in French, and he attempted the more useful but more difficult task of writing in the half-formed tongue of his own country an account of the great painters of Italy and Holland. Diderot makes the pointed remark about him that he believed in equality of ranks by instinct, which is better than believing in it by reflection. It was through the medium of this friendly and intelligent man that the empress had acted in the purchase of Diderot's library. In 1769 he was appointed Russian minister at the Hague, and his chief ground for delight at the appointment was that it brought him within reach of his friends in Paris.

Diderot set out on his expedition some time in the summer of 1773—the date also of Johnson's memorable tour to the Hebrides—and his first halt was at the Dutch capital, then at the distance of a four days' journey from Paris. Here he remained for many weeks, in some doubt whether or not to persist in the project of a more immense journey. He passed most of his time with the Prince and

Princess Galitzin, as between a good brother and a good sister. Their house, he notices, had once been the residence of Barneveldt. Men like Diderot are the last persons to think of their own historic position, else we might have expected to find him musing on the saving shelter which this land of freedom and tolerance had given to more than one of his great precursors in the literature of emancipation. Descartes had found twenty years of priceless freedom (1629–1649) among the Dutch burghers. The ruling ideas of the encyclopædia came in direct line from Bayle (d. 1706) and Locke (d. 1704), and both Bayle and Locke, though in different measures, owed their security to the stout valor with which the Dutch defended their own land, and taught the English how to defend theirs against the destructive pretensions of Catholic absolutism. Of these memories Diderot probably thought no more than Descartes thought about the learning of Grotius or the art of Rembrandt. It was not the age, nor was his the mind, for historic sentimentalism. "The more I see of this country," he wrote to his good friends in Paris, "the more I feel at home in it. The soles, fresh herrings, turbot, perch, are all the best people in the world. The walks are charming; I do not know whether the women are all very sage, but with their great straw hats, their eyes fixed on the ground, and the enormous fichus spread over their bosoms, they have the air of coming back from prayers or going to confession." Diderot did not fail to notice more serious things than this. His remarks on the means of travelling with most profit are full of sense, and the account which he wrote of Holland shows him to have been as widely reflective and observant as we should have expected him to be. It will be more convenient to say something on this, in connection with the stay which he again made at the Hague on his return from his pilgrimage to Russia.

After many hesitations the die was cast. Nariskin, a court chamberlain, took charge of the philosopher, and escorted him in an excellent carriage along the dreary road that ended in the capital reared by Peter the Great among the northern floods. It is worth while to digress for a few moments, to mark shortly the difference in social and intellectual conditions between the philosopher's own city and the city for which he was bound, and to touch on the significance of his journey. We can only in this way understand the position of the

encyclopædists in Europe, and see why it is interesting to the student of the history of Western civilization to know something about them. It is impossible to have a clear idea of the scope of the revolutionary philosophy, as well as of the singular pre-eminence of Paris over the Western world, until we have placed ourselves not only at Ferney and Grandval, and in the parlors of Madame Geoffrin and Mademoiselle Lespinasse, but also in palaces at Florence, Berlin, Vienna, and St. Petersburg.

From Holland with its free institutions, its peaceful industry, its husbanded wealth, its rich and original art, its great political and literary tradition, to go to Russia was to take a measure of a great arc of Western progress. It was to retrace the steps of the genius of civilization. The political capital of Russia represented a forced and artificial union between old and new conditions. In St. Petersburg were united the age of barbarism and the age of civilization, the tenth century and the eighteenth, the manners of Asia and the manners of Europe, the rudest Scythians and the most polished Europeans, a brilliant and proud aristocracy and a people sunk in servitude. On one side were elegant fashions, magnificent dresses, sumptuous repasts, splendid feasts, theatres like those which gave grace and animation to the select circles of London or Paris: on the other side, shopkeepers in Asiatic dress, coachmen, servants, and peasants clad in sheepskins, wearing long beards, fur caps, and long fingerless gloves of skin, with short axes hanging from their leathern girdles. The thick woollen bands round their feet and legs resembled a rude cothurnus, and the sight of these uncouth figures reminded one who had seen the bas-reliefs on Trajan's column at Rome, of the Scythians, the Dacians, the Goths, the Roxolani, who had been the terror of the empire.\* Literary cultivation was confined to almost the smallest possible area. Oriental as Russia was in many respects, it was the opposite of Oriental in one: women were then, as they are still sometimes said to be in Russia, more cultivated and advanced than men. Many of them could speak half-a-dozen languages, could play on several instruments, and were familiar with the works of the famous poets of France, Italy, and England. Among the men, on the contrary, outside of a few exceptional

families about the court, the vast majority were strangers to all that was passing beyond the limits of their own country. The few who had travelled and were on an intellectual level with their century, were as far removed from the rest of their countrymen as Englishmen are removed from Iroquois.

To paint the court of Catherine in its true colors, it has been said that one ought to have the pen of Procopius. It was a hotbed of corruption, intrigue, jealousy, violence, hatred. One day, surrounded by twenty-seven of her courtiers, Catherine said: "If I were to believe what you all say about one another, there is not one of you who does not richly deserve to have his head cut off." A certain princess was notorious for her inhuman barbarity. One day she discovered that one of her attendants was with child; in a frenzy she pursued the hapless Callisto from chamber to chamber, came up with her, dashed in her skull with a heavy weapon, and finally in a delirium of passion ripped up her body. When two nobles had a quarrel, they fell upon one another then and there like tipsy navvies, and Potemkin had an eye gouged out in a court brawl. Such horrors give us a measure of the superior humanity of Versailles, and enable us also in passing to see how duelling could be a sign of a higher civilization. The reigning passions were love of money and the gratification of a coarse vanity. Friendship, virtue, manners, delicacy, probity, said one witness, are here merely words, void of all meaning. The tone in public affairs was as low as in those of private conduct. I might as well, says Sir G. Macartney, quote Clarke and Tillotson at the Divan of Constantinople, as invoke the authority of Puffendorf and Grotius here.

The character of the empress herself has been more disputed than that of the society in which she was the one imposing personage. She stands in history with Elizabeth of England, with Catherine de' Medici, with Maria Theresa, among the women who have been like great men. Of her place in the record of the creation of that vast empire which begins with Prussia and ends with China, we have not here to speak. The materials for knowing her and judging her are only in our own time becoming accessible.\* As usual, the

\* The Imperial Historical Society are publishing a *recueil général* of documents, many of which shed an interesting light on Catherine's intercourse with the men of letters. In the archives of the house of Woronzow (especially vol. xii.), amid much of what for our purpose is chaff, are a few grains of what is inter-

\* Ségur's *Mém.*, ii. 230.

mythic elements that surrounded her like a white fog from her northern seas, from which she loomed like a portent, are rapidly disappearing, and are replaced by the outlines of ordinary humanity, but with more than the ordinary human measure of firmness, resolution, and energetic grasp of the facts of her position in the world.

We must go from the philosophers to the men of affairs for a true picture. These tell us that she offered an unprecedented mixture of courage and weakness, of knowledge and incompetence, of firmness and irresolution; passing in turn from the most opposite extremes, she presented a thousand diverse surfaces, until at last the observer had to content himself with putting her down as a consummate comedian. She had no ready apprehension. Too refined a pleasantry was thrown away upon her, and there was always a chance of her reversing its drift. No playful reference to the finances or the military force, or even to the climate of her empire, was ever taken in good part. The political part of her nature was the serious part. Catherine had the literary tastes, but not the literary skill of Frederick. She is believed on good evidence to have written for the use of her grandsons not only an "Abridgment of Russian History," but a volume of "Moral Tales." The composition of moral tales was entirely independent of morality. Just as Lewis XV. had a long series of Chateaux, Pompadours, Dubarrys, so Catherine had her Orloffs and Potemkins, and a countless host of obscure and miscellaneous Wasiltschikows, Zavadowskys, Zoriczes, Korsaks. On the serious side, Lewis XIV. was her great pattern and idol. She resented criticism on the *grand monarque* as something personal to herself. To her business as sovereign — *mon petit ménage*, as she called the control of her huge formless empire — she devoted as much indefatigable industry as Lewis himself had done in his best days. Notwithstanding all her efforts to improve her country, she was not popular and never won the affec-

tion of her subjects; but she probably cared less for the opinion and sentiment of Russia than for the applause of Europe. Tragedy displeases her, writes the French minister, and comedy wearies her; she does not like music; her table is without any sort of exquisiteness; in a garden she cares only for roses; her only taste is to build and to drill her court, for the turn that she has for reigning and for making a great figure in the universe is really not so much taste as a downright absorbing passion.

Gunning, the English *chargé d'affaires*, insists that the motive of all her patriotic labors was not benevolence, but an insatiable and unbounded thirst for fame. "If it were not so, we must charge her with an inconsistency amounting to madness, for undertaking so many immense works of public utility, such as the foundation of colleges and academies on a most extensive plan and at an enormous outlay, and then leaving them incomplete, not even finishing the buildings for them." They had served the purpose of making foreigners laud the glory of the Semiramis of the north, and that was enough. The arts and sciences, said the French minister, have plenty of academies here, but the academies have few subjects and fewer pupils. How could there be pupils in a country where there was nobody who was not either a courtier, a soldier, or a slave? The princess Sophie of Anhalt, long before she dreamed of becoming the czarina Catherine II., had been brought up by a French governess, and the tastes that her governess had implanted grew into a passion for French literature, which can only be compared to the same passion in Frederick the Great. Catherine only continued a movement that had already in the reign of her predecessor gone to a considerable length. The social reaction against German predominance had been accompanied by a leaning towards France. French professors in art and literature had been tempted to Moscow; the nobles sent to Paris for their clothes and their furniture; and a French theatre was set up in St. Petersburg, where the nobles were forced to attend the performances under pain of a fine. Absentees and loiterers were brought to their boxes by horse-patrols.

Catherine was more serious and intelligent than this in her pursuit of French culture. She had begun with the books in which most of the salt of old France was to be found, with Rabelais, Scarron, Montaigne; she cherished Molière and

esting. M. Rambaud, the author of the learned work on "The Greek Empire in the Tenth Century," gave interesting selections from these sources in two articles in the *Revue des deux Mondes* for February and April, 1877. Besides what is to be gathered from such well-known authorities as William Tooke, Ségur, Dashkoff, there are many interesting pages in the memoirs of that attractive and interesting person, the Prince de Ligne. The passages from English and French despatches, I have taken from an anonymous but authentic work published at Berlin in 1858, "*La Cour de la Russie il y a cent ans: 1725-1783: Extraits des Dépêches des Ambassadeurs anglais et français.*" Catherine's own memoirs, published in London in 1859 by Alexander Herzen, are perhaps of too doubtful authority.

Corneille; and of the writers of the eighteenth century, apart from Voltaire, the author of *Gil Blas* was her favorite. Such a list tells its own tale of a mind turned to what is masculine, racy, pungent, lively, and sapid. "I am a Gauloise of the north," she said, "I only understand the old French; I do not understand the new. I made up my mind to get something out of your gentry, the learned men in *iste*: I tried them; I made some of them come here; I occasionally wrote to them; they wearied me to death, and never understood me; there was only my good protector Voltaire. Do you know it was Voltaire who made me the fashion?"\* This was a confidential revelation, made long after most of the philosophers were dead. We might have penetrated the secret of her friendship for such a man as Diderot, even with less direct evidence than this. It was the vogue of the philosophers, and not their philosophy, that made Catherine their friend. They were the great interest of Europe at this time, just as Greek scholars had been its interest in one century, painters in another, great masters of religious controversy in a third. "What makes the great merit of France," said Voltaire, "what makes its unique superiority, is a small number of sublime or delightful men of genius, who cause French to be spoken at Vienna, at Stockholm, and at Moscow. Your ministers, your intendants, your chief secretaries, have no part in all this glory." This vogue of the philosophers brought the whole literature of their country into universal repute. In the depths of the Crimea a khan of the Tartars took a delight in having "*Tartufe*" and the "*Bourgeois Gentilhomme*" read aloud to him.†

As soon as Catherine came into power (1762), she at once applied herself to make friends in this high region. It was a matter of course that she should begin with the omnipotent monarch at Ferney. Graceful verses from Voltaire were as indispensable an ornament to a crowned head as a diadem, and Catherine answered with compliments that were perhaps more sincere than his verses. She wonders how she can repay him for a bundle of books that he had sent to her, and at last bethinks herself that nothing will please the lover of mankind so much as the introduction of inoculation into the great empire; so she has sent for Dr. Dimsdale from England and submitted to the unfam-

iliar rite in her own sacred person. Presents of furs are sent to the hermit of the Alps, and he is told how fortunate the imperial messenger counts himself in being dispatched to Ferney. What flattered Voltaire more than furs, was Catherine's promptitude and exactness in keeping him informed of her military and political movements against Turkey. It made him a centre of European intelligence in more senses than one, and helped him in his lifelong battle to pose in his letters as at least the equal of his friend, the king of Prussia. For D'Alembert the empress professed an admiration only less than that she felt for Voltaire. She was eager that he should come to Russia to superintend the instruction of the young grand-duke. But D'Alembert was too prudent to go to St. Petersburg, as he was too prudent to go to Berlin. Montesquieu had died five years before her accession, but his influence remained. She habitually called "*The Spirit of Laws*" the breviary of kings, and when she drew up her instruction for a new code, she acknowledged how much she had pillaged from Montesquieu. "I hope," she said, "that if from the other world he sees me at work, he will forgive my plagiarism for the sake of the twenty millions of men who will benefit by it." In truth the twenty millions of men got very little benefit indeed by the code. Montesquieu's own method might have taught her that not even absolute power can force the civil system of free labor into a society resting on serfdom. But it is not surprising that Catherine was no wiser than more democratic reformers who had drunk from the French springs. Or possibly she had a lower estimate in her own heart of the value of her code for practical purposes, than it suited her to disclose to a Parisian philosopher.

Catherine did not forget that, though the French at this time were pre-eminent in the literature of new ideas, yet there were meritorious and useful men in other countries. One of her correspondents was Zimmermann, of Hanover, whose essay on "*Solitude*" no second-hand bookseller's library is ever without. She tried hard to bribe Beccaria to leave Florence for St. Petersburg. She succeeded in persuading Euler to return to a capital whither he had been invited many years before by the first Catherine, and where he now remained.

Both Catherine's position and her temperament made the society of her own sex of little use or interest to her. "I don't know whether it is custom or inclination,"

\* To the Prince de Ligne.  
† Rambaud, p. 573.



she wrote, "but somehow I can never carry on conversation except with men. There are only two women in the world with whom I can talk for half an hour at once." Yet among her most intimate correspondents was one woman well known in the encyclopædic circle. She kept up an active exchange of letters with Madame Geoffrin — that interesting personage who though belonging to the *bourgeoisie* and possessing not a trace of literary genius, yet was respectfully courted not only by Catherine, but by Stanislas, Gustavus, and Joseph II.\*

On the whole, then, we must regard Catherine's European correspondence as at least in some measure the result of political calculation. Its purposes, as has been said, were partly those to which in our own time some governments devote a reptile fund. There is a letter from the Duchesse de Choiseul to Madame du Deffand, her intimate friend and the friend of so many of the literary circle, in which the secret of the relations between Catherine and the men of letters is very plainly told. "All that," she writes, "— protection of arts and sciences — is mere luxury and a caprice of fashion in our age. All such pompous jargon is the product of vanity, not of principles or of reflection. . . . The empress of Russia has another object in protecting literature; she has had sense enough to feel that she had need of the protection of the men of letters. She has flattered herself that their base praise would cover with an impenetrable veil, in the eyes of her contemporaries and of posterity, the crimes with which she has astonished the universe and revolted humanity. . . . The men of letters, on the other hand, flattered, cajoled, caressed by her, are vain of the protection that they are able to throw over her, and dupes of the coquetries that she lavishes on them. These people, who say and believe that they are the instructors of the masters of the world, sink so low as actually to take a pride in the protection that this monster, in her turn, seems to accord to them, simply because she sits on a throne."†

In short the monarchs of the north understood and used the new forces of the men of letters, whom their own sovereign only recognized to oppress. The contrast between the liberalism of the northern sovereigns, and the obscurantism of the court of France, was never lost from

sight. Marmontel's "*Belisarius*" was condemned by the Sorbonne, and burnt at the foot of the great staircase of the Palace of Justice, but in Russia a group of courtiers hastened to translate it, and the empress herself undertook one chapter of the work. Diderot, who was not allowed to enter the French Academy, was an honored guest at the Russian palace. For all this Catherine was handsomely repaid. When Diderot visited St. Petersburg, Voltaire congratulated the empress on seeing that unique man; but Diderot is not, he added, "the only Frenchman who is an enthusiast for your glory. We are all lay missionaries who preach the religion of Saint Catherine, and we can boast that our church is tolerably universal."\* We have already seen Catherine's generosity in buying Diderot's books, and paying him for guarding them as her librarian. "I should never have expected," she says, "that the purchase of a library would bring me so many fine compliments; all the world is offering them to me about M. Diderot's library. But now confess, you to whom humanity is indebted for the strong support that you have given to innocence and virtue in the person of Calas, that it would have been cruel and unjust to separate a student from his books."† "Ah, madame," replies the most graceful of all courtiers, "let your imperial majesty forgive me; no, you are not the aurora borealis; you are assuredly the most brilliant star of the north, and never was there one so beneficent as you. Andromeda, Perseus, Callisto, are not your equals. All these stars would have left Diderot to die of starvation. He was persecuted in his own country, and your benefactions came thither to seek him! Lewis XIV. was less munificent than your Majesty: he rewarded merit in foreign countries, but other people pointed it out to him, whereas you, madame, go in search of it and find it for yourself. Your generous pains to establish freedom of conscience in Poland are a piece of beneficence that the human race must ever celebrate."‡

When the first partition of Poland took place seven years later, Catherine found that she had not cultivated the friendship of the French philosophers to no purpose. The action of the dominant party in Poland enabled Catherine to take up a line which touched the French philosophers in their tenderest part. The Polish oligarchy was Catholic, and imposed crushing dis-

\* See M. Mouy's introduction to her correspondence with Stanislas.

† *Corresp. Complète de Mme. du Deffand* (Ed. 1877), i. 115. June, 1767.

\* November 1, 1773.

† November, 1766.

‡ December 22, 1766.

abilities on the non-Catholic part of the population. "At the slightest attempt in favor of the non-Catholics," King Stanislas writes to Madame Geoffrin, of the Diet of 1764, "there arose such a cry of fanaticism! The difficulty as to the naturalization of foreigners, the contempt for *roturiers* and the oppression of them, and Catholic intolerance, are the three strongest national prejudices that I have to fight against in my countrymen, who are at bottom good folk, but whom their education and ignorance render excessively stubborn on these three heads."\* Poland in short reproduced, in an aggravated and more barbaric form, those evils of Catholic feudalism in which the philosophers saw the arch curse of their own country. Catherine took the side of the dissidents, and figured as the champion of religious toleration. Toleration was chief among the philosophic watchwords, and seeing that great device on her banners, the encyclopædic party asked no further questions. So, with the significant exception of Rousseau, they all abstained from that cant about the partition which has so often been heard from European liberals in later days. And so with reference to more questionable transactions of an earlier date, no one could guess from the writings of the philosophers that Catherine had ever been suspected of uniting with her husband in a plot to poison the empress Elizabeth, and then uniting with her lover in a plot to strangle her husband. "I am quite aware," said Voltaire, "that she is reproached with some bagatelles in the matter of her husband, but these are little family affairs with which I cannot possibly think of meddling."

One curious instance of Catherine's sensibility to European opinion is connected with her relations to Diderot. Rulhière, afterwards well known in literature as a historian, began life as secretary to Breteuil, in the French embassy at St. Petersburg. An eye-witness of the tragedy which seated Catherine on the throne, he wrote an account of the events of the revolution of 1762. This piquant narrative, composed by a young man who had read Tacitus and Sallust, was circulated in manuscript among the *salons* of Paris (1768). Diderot had warned Rulhière that it was infinitely dangerous to speak about princes, that not everything that is true is fit to be told, that he could not be too careful of the feelings of a great sovereign who was the admiration and delight

of her people. Catherine pretended that a mere secretary of an embassy could know very little about the real springs and motives of the conspiracy. Diderot had described the manuscript as painting her in a commanding and imperious attitude. "There was nothing of that sort," she said; "it was only a question of perishing with a madman, or saving one's self with the multitude who insisted on coming to the rescue." What she saw was that the manuscript must be bought, and she did her best first to buy the author, and then, when this failed, to have him locked up in the Bastille. She succeeded in neither. The French government were not sorry to have a scourge to their hands. All that Diderot could procure from Rulhière was a promise that the work should not be published during the empress's lifetime, and it was not actually given to the world until 1797. When Diderot was at St. Petersburg, the empress was importunate to know the contents of the manuscript, which he had seen, but of which she was unable to procure a copy. "As far as you are concerned," he said, "if you attach great importance, madame, to the decencies and virtues, the worn-out rags of your sex, this work is a satire against you; but if great views and masculine and patriotic designs concern you more, the author depicts you as a great princess." The empress answered that this only increased her desire to read the book. Diderot himself truly enough described it as a historic romance, containing a mixed tissue of lies and truths that posterity would compare to a chapter of Tacitus.\* Perhaps the only piece of it that posterity will really value is the page in which the writer describes Catherine's personal appearance; her broad and open brow, her large and slightly double chin, her hair of resplendent chestnut, her eyes of a brilliant brown into which the reflections of the light brought shades of blue. "Pride," he says, "is the true characteristic of her physiognomy. The amiability and grace which are there too, only seem to penetrating eyes to be the effect of an extreme desire to please, and these seductive expressions somehow let the design of seducing be rather too clearly seen."

The first Frenchman whom Catherine welcomed in person to her court was Falconet. His introduction to her was due to Diderot. She had entreated him to find for her a sculptor who would undertake a colossal statue of Peter the Great. Fal-

\* *Corresp.*, pp. 135, 144, etc.

\* *Satire I. sur les Caractères, etc.* Œuv. vi. 313.

conet was at the height of his reputation in his own country; he seems to have been actuated by no other motive than the desire to seize the opportunity of erecting an immense monument of his art. Diderot's eloquence was not wanting. Falconet had the proverbial temperament of artistic genius. Diderot called him the Jean Jacques of sculpture. He had none of the rapacity for money which has distinguished so many artists in their dealings with foreign princes, but he was irritable, turbulent, restless, intractable. He was a chivalrous defender of poorer brethren in art, and he was never a respecter of persons. His feuds with Betzki, the empress's faithful factotum, were as acrid as the feuds between Voltaire and Maupertuis. Betzki had his own ideas about the statue that was to do honor to the founder of the empire, and he insisted that the famous equestrian figure of Marcus Aurelius should be the model. Falconet was a man of genius, and he insisted that what might be good for Marcus Aurelius would not be good for Peter the Great. The courtly battle does not concern us, though some of its episodes offer tempting illustrations of biting French malice. Falconet had his own way, and after the labor of many years, a colossus of bronze bestrode a charger rearing on a monstrous mass of unhewn granite. Catherine took the liveliest interest in her artist's work, frequently visiting his studio, and keeping up a busy correspondence. With him, as with the others, she insisted that he should stand on no ceremony, and should not spin out his lines with courtly epithets on which she set no value. She encouraged him to pester her with a host of his obscure countrymen in search of a living, and a little colony of Frenchmen whose names tell us nothing, hung about the Russian capital. Diderot's account of this group of his countrymen at St. Petersburg recalls the picture of a corresponding group at Berlin. "Most of the French who are there rend and hate one another, and bring contempt both on themselves and their nation: 'tis the most unworthy set of rascals that you can imagine."\*

Diderot reached St. Petersburg towards the end of 1773, and he remained some five months, until the beginning of March, 1774. His reception was most cordial, as his arrival had been eagerly anticipated. The empress always professed to detest ceremony and state. In a letter to Madame Geoffrin she insists, as we have

already seen her doing with Falconet, on being treated to no Oriental prostrations, as if she were at the court of Persia. "There is nothing in the world so ugly and detestable as greatness. When I go into a room, you would say that I am the head of Medusa: everybody turns to stone. I constantly scream like an eagle against such ways; yet the more I scream, the less are they at their ease. . . . If you came into my room, I should say to you, 'Madame, be seated; let us chatter at our ease. You would have a chair in front of me; there would be a table between us. *Et puis des bâtons rompus, tant et plus, c'est mon fort.*'"

This is an exact description of her real behavior to Diderot. On most days he was in her society from three in the afternoon until five or six. Etiquette was banished. Diderot's simplicity and vehemence were as conspicuous and as unrestrained at Tsarskoe-selo as at Grandval or the Rue Taranne. If for a moment the torrent of his improvisation was checked by the thought that he was talking to a great lady, Catherine encouraged him to go on. "*Allons,*" she cried, "*entre hommes tout est permis!*" The philosopher in the heat of exposition brought his hands down upon the imperial knees with such force and iteration, that Catherine complained that he made them black and blue. She was sometimes glad to seek shelter from such zealous enforcement of truth behind a strong table. Watchful diplomatists could not doubt that such interviews must have reference to politics. Cathcart, the English ambassador, writes to his government that M. Diderot is still with the empress at Tsarskoe-selo, "pursuing his political intrigues." And, amazing as it may seem, the French minister and the French ambassador both of them believed that they had found in this dreaming rhapsodical genius a useful diplomatic instrument. "The interviews between Catherine and Diderot follow one another incessantly and go on from day to day. He told me," writes the ambassador, "and I have reasons for believing that he is speaking the truth, that he has painted the danger of the alliance of Russia with the king of Prussia, and the advantage of an alliance with us. The empress, far from blaming this freedom, encouraged him by word and gesture. 'You are not fond of that prince,' she said to Diderot. 'No,' he replied, 'he is a great man, but a bad king, and a dealer in counterfeit coin.' 'Oh,' said she, laughing, 'I have had my share of his coin.'"

The first partition of Poland had been finally consummated in the Polish Diet in the autumn of 1773, a few weeks before Diderot's arrival at St. Petersburg. Lewis XV., now drawing very near to his end, and D'Aiguillon, his minister, had some uneasiness at this opening of the great era of territorial revolution, and looked about in a shiftless way for an ally against Russia and Prussia. England sensibly refused to stir. Then France, as we see, was only anxious to detach Catherine from Frederick. All was shiftless and feeble, and the French government can have known little of the empress, if they thought that Diderot was the man to affect her strong and positive mind. She told Ségur in later years what success Diderot had with her as a politician.

"I talked much and frequently with him," said Catherine, "but with more curiosity than profit. If I had believed him, everything would have been turned upside down in my kingdom; legislation, administration, finances,—all to be turned topsy-turvy to make room for impracticable theories. Yet as I listened more than I talked, any witness who happened to be present would have taken him for a severe pedagogue, and me for his humble scholar. Probably he thought so himself, for after some time, seeing that none of these great innovations were made which he had recommended, he showed surprise and a haughty kind of dissatisfaction. Then speaking openly, I said to him: *M. Diderot, I have listened with the greatest pleasure to all that your brilliant intelligence has inspired; and with all your great principles, which I understand very well, one would make fine books but very bad business. You forget, in all your plans of reform, the difference in our positions: you only work on paper, which endures all things; it opposes no obstacle, either to your imagination or to your pen; but I, poor empress as I am, work on the human skin, which is irritable and ticklish to a very different degree. I am persuaded that from this moment he pitied me as a narrow and vulgar spirit. For the future he only talked about literature, and politics vanished from our conversation.*"\*

Catherine was mistaken, as we shall see, in supposing that Diderot ever thought her less than the greatest of men. Cathcart, the English ambassador, writes in a sour strain: "All his letters are filled with panegyrics of the empress, whom he de-

picts as above humanity. His flatteries of the grand duke have been no less gross, but be it said to the young prince's honor, he has shown as much contempt for these flatteries as for the mischievous principles of this pretended philosopher."

Frederick tells D'Alembert that though the empress overwhelms Diderot with favors, people at St. Petersburg find him tiresome and disputatious, and "talking the same rigmarole over and over again." In her letters to Voltaire, Catherine lets nothing of this be seen. She finds Diderot's imagination inexhaustible, and ranks him among the most extraordinary men that have ever lived; she delights in his conversation, and his visits have given her the most uncommon pleasure. All this was probably true enough. Catherine probably rated the philosopher at his true worth as a great talker and a singular and original genius, but this did not prevent her, any more than it need prevent us, from seeing the limits and measure. She was not one of the weaker heads, who can never be content without either wholesale enthusiasm or wholesale disparagement.

Diderot had a companion who pleased her better than Diderot himself. Grimm came to St. Petersburg at this time to pay his first visit, and had a great success. "The empress," wrote Madame Geoffrin to King Stanislas, "lavished all her graces on Grimm. And he has everything that is needed to make him worthy of them. Diderot has neither the fineness of perception nor the delicate tact that Grimm has, and so he has not had the success of Grimm. Diderot is always in himself, and sees nothing in other people that has not some reference to himself. He is a man of a great deal of understanding, but his nature and turn of mind make him good for nothing, and, more than that, would make him a very dangerous person in any employment. Grimm is quite the contrary."\*

In truth, as we have said before, Grimm was one of the shrewdest heads in the encyclopædic party; he had much knowledge, a judgment both solid and acute, and a certain easy fashion of social commerce, free from raptures and full of good sense. Yet he was as devoted and ecstatic in his feeling about the empress, as his more impetuous friend. "There," he says, "was no conversation of leaps and bounds, in which idleness traverses a whole gallery of ideas that have no connection with one another, and weariness

\* Ségur, iii. 34.

\* Mouy's *Corresp. du roi Stanislas*, p. 501.



draws you away from one object to skim a dozen others. They were talks in which all was bound together, often by imperceptible threads, but all the more naturally as not a word of what was to be said had been led up to, or prepared beforehand." Grimm cannot find words to describe her *verve*, her stream of brilliant sallies, her dashing traits, her eagle's *coup d'œil*. No wonder that he used to quit her presence so electrified, as to pass half the night in marching up and down his room, beset and pursued by all the fine and marvellous things that had been said. How much of all this is true, and how much of it is the voice of the bewildered courtier, it might be hard to decide. But the rays of the imperial sun did not so far blind his prudence as to make him accept a pressing invitation to remain permanently in Catherine's service. When Diderot quitted St. Petersburg, Grimm went to Italy. After an interlude there, he returned to Russia and was again restored to high favor. When the time came for him to leave her, the empress gave him a yearly pension of two thousand roubles, or about ten thousand livres, and with a minute consideration that is said not to be common among the great, she presently ordered that it should be paid in such a form that he should not lose on the exchange between France and Russia. Whether she had a special object in keeping Grimm in good humor we hardly know. What is certain is that, from 1776 until the fall of the French monarchy, she kept up a voluminous correspondence with him, and that he acted as an unofficial intermediary between her and the ministers at Versailles. Every day she wrote down what she wished to say to Grimm, and at the end of every three months these daily sheets were made into a bulky packet and despatched to Paris by a special courier, who returned with a similar packet from Grimm. This intercourse went on until the very height of the Revolution, when Grimm at last, in February, 1792, fled from Paris. The empress's helpful friendship continued to the end of her life (1796).\*

Diderot arrived at the Hague on his return from Russia in the first week of April (1774), after making a rapid journey of seven hundred leagues in three weeks and a day. D'Alembert had been anxious that Frederick of Prussia should invite

Diderot to visit him at Berlin. Frederick had told him that, intrepid reader as he was, he could not endure to read Diderot's books. "There reigns in them a tone of self-sufficiency and an arrogance which revolt the instinct of my freedom. It was not in such a style that Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, Locke, Gassendi, Bayle, and Newton wrote." D'Alembert replied that the king would judge more favorably of the philosopher's person than of his works; that he would find in Diderot, along with much fecundity, imagination, and knowledge, a gentle heat and a great deal of amenity.\* Frederick, however, did not send the invitation, and Diderot willingly enough went homewards by the northern route by which he had come. He passed Königsberg, where Kant was then meditating the "Critique of Pure Reason." It is hardly probable that Diderot met the famous worthy who was destined to deal so heavy a blow to the encyclopædic way of thinking, and to leave a name not less illustrious than Frederick or Catherine.

A court official was sent in charge of the philosopher. The troubles of posting by the sea-road between Königsberg and Memel had moved him to the composition of some very bad verses on his first journey; and the horror of crossing the Dwina inspired others that were no better on his return. The weather was hard; four carriages were broken on the way. He expected to be drowned as the ice creaked under his horses' feet at Riga, and he thought that he had broken an arm and a shoulder as he crossed the ferry at Mittau. But all ended well, and he found himself once more under the roof of the Prince Galitzin at the Hague. Hence he wrote to his wife and his other friends in Paris, that it must be a great consolation to them to know that he was only separated from them by a journey of four days. That journey was not taken, however, for nearly four months. Diderot had promised the empress that he would publish a set of the regulations for the various institutions which she had founded for the improvement of her realm. This could only be done, or could best be done, in Holland. His life there was spent as usual in the slavery of proof-sheets, tempered by daily bursts of conversation, rhapsody, discussion, and dreamy contemplation. He made the acquaintance of a certain Björnsthål, a professor of oriental languages at the University of Lund in Sweden, and a few pages in this obscure writer's obscure

\* *Mémoire Historique*, printed in vol. i. of the new edition (1877) of the "Correspondence of Grimm and Diderot," by M. Maurice Tourneux.

\* D'Alembert au roi de Prusse. Feb. 14, 1774.

book contain the only glimpse that we have of the philosopher on his travels.\* Diderot was as ecstatic in conversation as we know him to have been in his correspondence, in praise of the august friend whom he had left. The least of his compliments was that she united the charms of Cleopatra to the soul of Cæsar, or sometimes it was, to the soul of Brutus.

"At the Hague," says Björnsthål, "we go about every day with M. Diderot. He has views extending over an incredibly wide field, possesses a vivacity that I cannot describe, is pleasant and friendly in intercourse, and has new and unusual observations to make on every subject. . . . Who could fail to prize him? He is so bright, so full of instruction, has so many new thoughts and suggestions, that nobody can help admiring him. But willingly as he talks when one goes to him, he shows to little advantage in large companies, and that is why he did not please everybody at Saint Petersburg. You will easily see the reason why this incomparable man in such companies, where people talk of fashion, of clothes, of frippery, and all other sorts of triviality, neither gives pleasure to others nor finds pleasure himself." And the friendly Swede rises to the height of generalization in the quaint maxim, "Where an empty head shines, there a thoroughly cultivated man comes too short."

Scheveningen, the little bathing-place a few miles from the Hague, was Diderot's favorite spot. "It was there," he writes, "that I used to see the horizon dark, the sea covered with pale haze, the waves rolling and tumbling, and far out the poor fishermen in their great clumsy boats; on the shore a multitude of women frozen with cold or apprehension, trying to warm themselves in the sun. When the work was at an end and the boats had landed, the beach was covered with fish of every kind. These good people have the simplicity, the openness, the filial and fraternal piety of old time. As the men come down from their boats, their wives throw themselves into their arms; they embrace their fathers and their little ones; each loads himself with fish; the son tosses his father a codfish or a salmon, which the old man carries off in triumph to his cottage, thanking heaven that it has given him so industrious and worthy a son. When he has gone indoors, the sight of the fish rejoices the old man's mate; it is quickly

cut in pieces, the less lucky neighbors invited, it is soon eaten, and the room resounds with thanks to God, and cheerful songs."\*

These scenes with their sea background, their animation, their broad strokes of the simple, kindly, and real in life, may well have been after Diderot's own heart. He often told me, says Björnsthål, that he never found the hours pass slowly in the company of a peasant, or a cobbler, or any handicraftsman, but that he had many a time found them pass slowly enough in the society of a courtier. "For of the one," he said, "one can always ask about useful and necessary things, but the other is mostly, so far as anything useful is concerned, empty and void."

The pleasantness and ease of the people of the Hague in society was supposed to betray the influence of foreigners and the court. Impartial travellers assigned to the talk of cultivated circles there a rank not below that of similar circles in France and England. Some went even further, and declared Holland to have a distinct advantage, because people were never embarrassed either by the levity and sparkling wit of France on the one hand, nor by the depressing reserve and taciturnity of England on the other.† Yet Holland was fully within the sphere of the great intellectual commonwealth of the west, and was as directly accessible to the literary influences of the time as it had ever been. If Diderot had inquired into the vernacular productions of the country, he would have found that here also the wave of reaction against French conventions, and the tide of English simplicity and domestic sentimentalism, had passed into literature. "The Spectator" and "Clarissa Harlowe" inspired the writers of Holland as they had inspired Diderot himself.‡ In erudition, it was still what, even after the death of Scaliger, it had remained through the seventeenth century, the most learned state of Europe, and the elder Hemsterhuys, with such pupils as Ruhnken and Valckenaer, kept up as well as he could the scholarly tradition of Gronovius and Grævius. But the eighteenth century was not the century of erudition. Scholarship had given way to speculation.

Among the interesting persons whom Diderot saw at the Hague, the most interesting is the amiable and learned son of

\* xvii. 449.

† George Forster's *Ansichten vom Niederrhein*, etc., ii. 396 (1790).

‡ Jonckbloet's *Gesch. d. Nederland. Lit.* (German trans.), ii. 302, etc.

\* *Briefe aus seinen ausländischen Reisen* (Leipzig, 1780)—a German translation from the Swedish, iii. 217-233.

the elder Hemsterhuys, himself by the way not Dutch, but the son of a Frenchman. If Diderot was playfully styled the French Socrates, the younger Hemsterhuys won from his friends the name of the Dutch Plato. The Hollanders pointed to this meditative figure, to his great attainments in the knowledge of ancient literature and art, to his mellowed philosophizing, to his gracious and well-bred style, as a proof that their country was capable of developing both the strength and the sensibility of human nature to their highest point.\* And he has a place in the history of modern speculation. As we think of him and Diderot discussing, we feel ourselves to be placed at a point that seems to command the diverging streams and eddying currents of the time. In this pair, two great tides of thought meet for a moment, and then flow on in their deep appointed courses. For Hemsterhuys, born a Platonist to the core, became a leader of the reaction against the French philosophy of illumination—of sensation, of experience, of the verifiable. He contributed a marked current to the mysticism and pietism which crept over Germany before the French Revolution, and to that religious philosophy which became a point of patriotic honor both in Germany and at the Russian court, after the revolutionary war had seemed to identify the rival philosophy of the encyclopædists with the victorious fury of the national enemy. Jacobi, a chief of the mystic tribe, had begun the attack on the French with weapons avowedly borrowed from the sentimentalism of Rousseau, but by-and-by he found in Hemsterhuys more genuinely intellectual arguments for his vindication of feeling and the heart, against the encyclopædist claim for the supremacy of the understanding.

Diderot's hostess at the Hague is a conspicuous figure in the history of the same movement. Prince Galitzin had married the daughter of Frederick's field-marshal, Schmettau. Goethe, who saw her (1797) many years after Diderot was dead, describes her as one of those whom one cannot understand without seeing; as a person not rightly judged, unless considered not only in connection, but in conflict, with her time. If she was remarkable to Goethe when fifty years had set their mark upon her, she was even more so to the impetuous Diderot in all the flush and intellectual excitement of her youth. It was to the brilliance and versatility of the

Princess Galitzin that her husband's house owed its consideration and its charm. "She is very lively," said Diderot, "very gay, very intelligent; more than young enough, instructed and full of talents; she has read; she knows several languages, as Germans usually do; she plays on the clavecin, and sings like an angel; she is full of expressions that are at once ingenuous and piquant; she is exceedingly kindhearted." But he could not persuade her to take his philosophy on trust. Diderot is said, by the princess's biographer, to have been a fervid proselytizer, eager to make people believe "his poems about eternally revolving atoms, through whose accidental encounter the present ordering of the world was developed." The princess met his brilliant eloquence with a demand for proof. Her ever-repeated *Why?* and *How?* are said to have shown "the hero of atheism his complete emptiness and weakness."\* In the long run Diderot was entirely routed, in favor of the rival philosophy. Hemsterhuys became bound to the princess by the closest friendship, and his letters to her are as striking an illustration as any in literature of the peculiar devotion and admiration which a clever and sympathetic woman may arouse in philosophic minds of a certain calibre, in a Condillac, a Joubert, a D'Alembert, a Mill. Though Hemsterhuys himself never advanced from a philosophy of religion to the active region of dogmatic professions, his disciple could not find contentment on his austere heights. In the very year of Diderot's death (1784) the Princess Galitzin became a Catholic, and her son became not only a Catholic, but a zealous missionary of the faith in America.

But this was not yet. In September (1774) Diderot set his face homewards. "I shall gain my fireside," he wrote on the eve of his journey, "never to quit it again for the rest of my life. The time that we count by the year has gone, and the time that we must count by the day comes in its stead. The less one's income, the more important to use it well. I have perhaps half a score of years at the bottom of my wallet. In these ten years, fluxions, rheumatisms, and the other members of that troublesome family will take two or three of them; let us try to economize the seven that are left, for the repose and the small happiness that a man may promise himself on the wrong side of sixty." The guess was a good one. Diderot

\* Forster, ii. 398.

\* Dr. Katerkamp's *Denkwürdigkeiten aus dem Leben der Fürstin Amalie von Galitzin*, p. 45.

lived ten years more, and although his own work in the world was done, they were years of great moment both to France and the world. They witnessed the establishment of a republic in the American colonies, and they witnessed the final stage in the decay of the old monarchy in France. Turgot had been made controller-general in the months before Diderot's return, and Turgot's ministry was the last serious experiment in the direction of orderly reform. The crash that followed resounded almost as loudly at St. Petersburg and in Holland as in France itself, and Catherine in 1792 ordered all the busts of Voltaire that had adorned the saloons and corridors of her palace to be removed into the cellars.

EDITOR.

## WITHIN THE PRECINCTS.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## THE SIGNOR'S HOUSEHOLD.

THE Despard family became a great centre of interest to many people both within and without the Abbey precincts at this period of their history. Without any doing, so to speak, of theirs, fate mixed them up both with the great and the small, so that their proceedings moved a great many circles of thought and feeling beyond that in which they themselves stood. We have said without any doing of theirs—but this, perhaps, is true only in respect to Lottie, who took no steps consciously to produce the *rapprochement* which had taken place so strangely between the heaven of the Deanery and the earth of the lodges. She had not done anything to recommend herself to Lady Caroline or Lady Caroline's nephew. And yet with both she had become an important "factor," to use a fashionable term, in the immediate concerns of life. The captain was not so innocent of purpose in the commotion he had begun to make. But still he had not calculated upon the interest that would be excited by his proceedings. The community at St. Michael's was quiet and had little to rouse its interest. Sometimes a canon would be translated to a higher and a better stall—sometimes an old chevalier would die and be replaced by another veteran not much less old than he—sometimes a son would "go wrong," and create a great deal of whispered communication and shaking of

heads. At the present time there were no daughters to marry except Lottie, so that the pleasanter strain of possibility was little thought of. All this made it very inspiring, very agitating to the dwellers round the Abbey, when a family within the precincts gave them so much to think about. A girl likely to make a very good match in a romantic way; a man likely to make a very bad one, in a way which might have been quite as romantic had it not been on the wrong side, such as would debase, not exalt his class: these two probabilities coming together had a great effect upon the popular mind. In the chevaliers' lodges there was very little else talked about. Captain Temple, the most respected of all the chevaliers, could not keep still, so excited was he. He had spoken to "the father," he told his wife, to put him on his guard, and to show him how necessary it was to take proper care of his child. That was all he could do, but he would not content himself with doing what he could. He paced about his little sitting-room, disturbing Mrs. Temple at her wool-work. She was not like her husband. She was a still, composed, almost stern woman, with a passionate heart, to which she gave very little expression. She could not talk of her daughter as Captain Temple could. The remembrance of the years during which her child was separated from her was terrible to her. When her husband talked as he was accustomed to do of this great grief of theirs, she never stopped him, but she herself was dumb. She closed all her windows, as it were, and retired into a fortress of silent anguish, out of which no cry came; but she listened to him all the same. This was what she did now, though it pained her to hear of this other girl who stood between life and death, between good and evil, as once her child had stood. She would have helped Lottie with all her heart, but she could not bear to hear her talked of—though this was precisely what she had to bear.

"I told him it was his duty to look after his daughter," said Captain Temple, pacing—three steps one way, four the other—about the room. "But he won't—you see he won't. A beautiful girl, far too good for him, a girl who deserves a better fate. She puts me in mind of our own dear girl, Lucy. I have told you so before."

To this Mrs. Temple made no reply. He had told her so a great many times before. She selected a new shade of her



Berlin wool, and set her elbow rigidly against the arm of her chair, that she might thread her needle without trembling, but she made no reply.

"She puts me constantly in mind of her. The way she holds her head, and her walk, and — I beg your pardon, my dear. I know you don't like this kind of talk; but if you knew how I seem to see her wherever I go — wherever I go! I wonder if she is permitted to come and walk by her old father's side, God bless her. Ah! Well, it was Despard's daughter we were talking of. To think *he* should have this girl who takes no care of her, and we to whom ours was everything —"

The poor woman made a spasmodic movement, and turned her eyes upon him dumbly. She could not bear it. The needle fell out of her hands, and she stooped to hunt for it on the carpet. She would not stop him to whom it was so great a relief to talk; but it was death to her.

"But I told him," said Captain Temple. "I showed him his duty, Lucy. I told him he ought to be thankful he had such a daughter to watch over. And what more could I do? I set the whole thing before him. There was nothing more that I could do."

"Then you must be satisfied, William, and perhaps it will have some effect; we must wait and see," said Mrs. Temple, coming to the surface again with her needle, which she had found, in her hand. She managed to get it threaded this time with great exertion, while her husband set off again upon his restricted promenade, shaking his white head. Captain Temple, it may be recollected, had not said so much to Captain Despard as he thought he had said; but if he had said everything that man could say it is not probable that it would have made much difference. The kind old chevalier shook his white head. His eyes were full of moisture and his heart of tenderness. He did not feel willing to wait and see as his wife suggested. He wanted to do something there and then for Lottie, to go to her and warn her, to keep watch at her door, and prevent the entrance of the wolf — anything, he did not mind what it was so long as he could secure her safety.

The other subject was discussed that same evening in another and very different scene, when Mrs. Purcell, the signor's housekeeper, asked her old fellow-servant, Pickering, what news there was in the precincts, and if anything was stirring. It

was the most delicious moment for a gossip, when tea was over in the kitchen, and dinner up-stairs, and the twilight was beginning to drop over the country, bringing quiet and coolness after the blaze of the day. Mrs. Purcell sat by the open window, which was cut in the very boundary wall of the Abbey precincts, as in the side of a precipice. It was not safe for any one of uncertain nerves to look straight down upon the slope of St. Michael's Hill, on which the walls were founded, and on the steep street winding below. But Mrs. Purcell had her nerves in the most steady and well-regulated condition. She was not afraid to sit at the head of the precipice, and even to look out and look down when the shop-windows began to be lighted. She liked to see the lights coming out below. It was cheerful and felt like "company" when she sat alone. Old Pickering had just come in after an errand into the town. He was the manservant while she was the housekeeper, but the work of the establishment was chiefly done by a sturdy young woman who was under the orders of both.

"News — I don't know much about news," said old Pick. "It wants young folks to make news; and there ain't many of that sort about here."

"Dear!" said Mrs. Purcell (but it must not be supposed that this exclamation meant any special expression of affection to old Pickering). "There's heaps of young folks! There's the signor, and there's my John —"

"Master? you may call him young, if it don't go again your conscience — my notion is as he never was no younger than he is now. So you may put what name to it you please. But you don't ask me for news of master, nor Mr. John neither. Him, oh, ah, there'll be news of him one of these days. He'll get a cathedral, or he'll be had up to London. We'll see him, with his baton in his hand, afore the biggest chorus as can be got together; and won't he lead 'em grand!" said old Pick. "When he was but a little thing in his white surplice I seen it in his eye."

"You were always one that did my John justice," said the housekeeper warmly. "Just to think of it, Pick — one day a bit of a mite in his surplice, and the next, as you may say, with his baton, leading the chief in the land! We bring children into the world, but we can't tell what's to come of them," she added, with pious melancholy. "Them as is fortunate shouldn't be proud. The young men as I've seen go to the bad since I've been here!"

"That should be a real comfort to you," said Pickering, and they paused, both, to take full advantage of this consolation. Then, drawing a long breath, Mrs. Purcell resumed,—

"And so it should, Pick — when I see my boy that respectable, and as good as any gentleman's son, and reflect on what I've seen! But pride's not for the like of us — seeing the Lord can bring us low as fast as he's set us up." The good woman dropped her voice, with that curious dread lest envious fate should take her satisfaction amiss, which seems inherent in humanity. As for old Pick, sentiment was not in his way. He took up a little old-fashioned silver salver which stood on the table with some notes upon it, waiting the sound of the signor's bell, and began to polish it with his handkerchief. "Them girls," he said, "there's no trust to be put in them. The times I've told her to be careful with my plate. She says she haven't the time, but you and me knows better than that. What is there to do in this house? We gives no trouble, and as for master, he's dining out half his time."

"She'll find the difference," said Mrs. Purcell, "when she's under a lady. There's many a thing I does myself. Instead of calling Mary Anne till I'm hoarse, I takes and does it myself; but a lady will never do that. Ah, Pick, it's experience as teaches. They don't put any faith in what we tell them; and her head full of soldiers, and I don't know what — as if a soldier ever brought anything but harm to a servant girl."

"They are all alike," said old Pick. "There's them Despard's in the lodges — all the Abbey's talking of them. The captain — you know the captain? the one as sings out as if it all belonged to him — though he's neither tenor, nor alto, nor bass, but a kind of a jumble, and as often as not sings the air!" said the old chorister, with contempt which was beyond words. Mrs. Purcell looked upon the captain from another point of view.

"He's a fine handsome man," she said. "He looks like a lord when he comes marching up the aisle, not an old Methusaleh, like most of 'em."

"Ah!" cried Pickering, with a groan, "that's the way the women are led away. He's a fine fellow, he is! oh yes, he's like a lord, with bills in every shop in the town, and not a penny to pay 'em."

"Them shops!" said Mrs. Purcell. "I don't wonder if a gentleman's of a yielding disposition. They offer you this, and they offer you that, and won't take an answer.

It's their own fault. They didn't ought to put their temptations in folk's way. It's like dodging a bait about a poor fish's nose; and then swearing it'll make up lovely, and be far more becoming than what you've got on. I think it's scandalous for my part. They deserve to lose their money now and again."

"They say he's going to be married," said old Pick stolidly.

"Married! You're dreaming, Pick! Lord bless us," said Mrs. Purcell, "that's news, that is! Married? I don't believe a word of it; at his age!"

"You said just now he wasn't a Methusaleh, and no more he is; he's a fine handsome man. He thinks a deal of himself, and that's what makes other folks think a deal of him. The women's as bad as the shops," said old Pick, "they bring it on themselves. Here's a man as is never out of mischief. I've seen him regularly coming home — well — none the better for his liquor; and gamblin' day and night, playing billiards, betting, I don't know what. We all know what that comes to; and a grown-up family besides —"

"Dear!" said Mrs. Purcell, in great concern. She knew a good deal about Miss Despard, and her feelings were very mingled in respect to her. In the first place, to know that her John was in love with a lady flattered and excited her, and had made her very curious about Lottie, every detail of whose looks, and appearance generally, she had studied. A chevalier's daughter might not be of very elevated rank; but it was a wonderful rise in the world for Mrs. Purcell's son to be able to permit himself to fall in love with such a person. On the other hand, Miss Despard was poor, and might interfere with John's chance of rising in the world. But anyhow, everything about her was deeply interesting to John's mother. She paused to think what effect such a change would have upon her son, before she asked any further questions. What would Miss Despard do? It was not likely she would care for a stepmother after being used to be mistress of the house — would she be ready to accept any one that asked her, in order to get "a home of her own"? And would John insist upon marrying her? and would he be able to keep a wife? These questions all rushed through Mrs. Purcell's mind on receipt of this startling news. "Dear! dear!" she said — and for a long time it was all she could say. The interests were so mixed that she did not know what to desire. Now or never, perhaps, was the time for John to secure the wife he want-

ed; but even with that justification, would it be right for him to marry? Mrs. Purcell did not know what to think. "Did you hear who the lady was?" she asked, in a faint voice.

"Lady!—no lady at all, a girl that works for her living. I know her well enough by sight. One of the dressmaker's girls in the River Lane. Ladies is silly enough, but not so silly as that; though I don't know neither," said old Pick. "What women-folks will do for a husband is wonderful. They'll face the world for a husband. It don't matter what sort he is, nor if he's worth having —"

"They haven't took that trouble for you, anyhow," said Mrs. Purcell faintly, standing up amid her preoccupations for her own side.

"I've never given 'em the chance," said Pick, with a chuckle. "Lord bless you! they've tried a plenty, but I've never given 'em the chance. Many's the story I could tell you. They've done their best, poor things. Some has been that enterprising. I never was safe in the same room with 'em. But I've kep single, and I'll keep single till my dying day. So will master, if I can judge. There's some has the way of it, and some hasn't. It would be a clever one," said old Pickering, caressing his chin with an astute smile, "to get the better of me."

The housekeeper threw at him a glance of mingled indignation and derision. She gave her head a toss. It was not possible for feminine flesh and blood to hear this unmoved. "You're so tempting," she said, with angry energy. "'Andsome and well to do, and worth a woman's while."

"Bless you, they don't stick at that," said the old man, with a grin. "I could tell you of things as has happened — some to myself — some to other folks —"

"Dear!" cried Mrs. Purcell, "and me to think you were an old stick of an old bachelor, because nobody would have you, Pick! There's some, as a body reads it in their face, as dry as an east wind, and cutting like an east wind does, that is never happy but when it's blighting up somebody. I daresay it's all a story about Captain Despard — just like the rest."

"None of you likes it," said old Pick, chuckling to himself. "Some pretends just to please a man; but women does hang together, whoever says different, and they none of them likes to hear the truth. About Captain Despard, it's a story if you please, but it's true. The girl she talks quite free, and tells everybody as she'll soon make a difference in the house.

She'll pack off the son to do for himself, and the daughter —"

"What of the daughter, Pick? Oh, the shameless hussy, to talk like that of a poor, motherless young girl —"

"If she wasn't motherless, what would Polly have to do with her? It can't be expected as a second wife should cry her eyes out because the first's gone."

"Polly!" said Mrs. Purcell, with bated breath; "and she says she'll pack the son about his business; and the daughter — what is she going to do about the daughter, when she's got the poor unfortunate man under her thumb? And who's Polly, that you know so much about her? She's a pretty kind of acquaintance, so far as I can see, for a man as considers himself respectable, and comes out of a gentleman's house."

"That's the other side," said Pick, still chuckling to himself. "I said women hangs together. So they do, till you come to speak of one in particular, and then they fly at her. I don't know nothing against Polly. If the captain's in love with her, it ain't her fault; if she wants to better herself, it's no more than you or me would do in her place. She's as respectable as most of the folks I know. To work for your living ain't a disgrace."

"It's no disgrace: but a stepmother that is a dressmaker girl will be something new to Miss Despard. Oh, I can't smile. A dressmaker as — And young, I suppose, like herself? Oh, trust a man for that! she's sure to be young. Poor thing, poor thing! I'm that sorry for her, I can't tell what to do. A lady, Pick; they may be poor, but I've always heard there was no better gentlefolks anywhere to be found. And a woman that the likes of you calls Polly. Oh, that's enough, that's enough for me! A nice, good, respectable girl, that knows what's her due, you don't call her Polly. Polly — there's a deal in a name."

"Aha!" said old Pick, rubbing his hands, "I knew as soon as I named one in particular what you would say. Fly at her, that's what all you women do. A name is neither here nor there. I've known as good women called Polly as was ever christened Mary; eh? ain't they the same name? I had a sister Polly; I had a —"

"Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Purcell softly. She was paying no attention to him; her mind was much disturbed. She turned away instinctively from the gathering gloom of evening in which her old companion stood, and cast her anxious eyes

upon the wide landscape outside — the sky between grey and blue, the lights beginning to twinkle far down in the steep street. There was something in the great space and opening which seemed to give counsel and support in her perturbation. For she did not know what to do for the best. At such a moment would not John have a better chance than he might ever have? And yet, if he got his heart's desire, was it quite certain that it would be good for John? The signor's housekeeper was just as anxious about her boy as if she had been a great lady. Twinges of maternal jealousy, no doubt, went through her mind. If John married, he would be separated from his mother, and his wife would look down upon her and teach him to despise her — a mother who was in service. What could she expect if her son married a lady? All these thoughts went through her mind as she looked out with anxiety, which drew deep lines upon her forehead. But, on the whole, she was not selfish, and deliberated anxiously, ready to make any sacrifice for that which in the long run would be most good for John.

In the mean time old Pickering talked on. When he was set a-going it was difficult to bring him to a stop. He was quite aware that at the present moment he ought not to stay there talking; he knew he ought to be lighting the lamps, and kept listening with expectant ear for a sharp tingle of the signor's bell, which should warn him of his retarded duties. But for all that he talked on. Dinner was over for some time, and Pick knew very well that he ought to carry in the notes which he had piled again upon the salver after giving it that polish with his handkerchief. However, though he knew his duty, he took no step towards performing it, but moved leisurely about, and put various articles back into the old polished cupboard with glass doors, which showed all the best china, and was the pride of Mrs. Purcell's heart. When Mary Anne came in, he emptied the salver again and showed her how imperfectly she had cleaned it. "I can't think how folks can be so stupid," Pickering said. "How do you think you are ever to better yourself if you don't take a lesson when it's giv' you? and proud you should be that any one would take the trouble. If I see it like this again I'll — I don't know what I sha'n't do." He knew very well that it was what ought to have been his own work that he was thus criticising, and, as it happened, so did Mary Anne, whose spirit was working up to a determination not to be longer

put upon. But for all that he found fault, (always waiting to hear the bell ring sharply, with a quaver of impatience in it), and she submitted, though she was aware that she was being put upon. Mrs. Purcell, in the window, paid no attention to them. She kept gazing out upon the wide world of grey-blue clouds, and asking herself what would be best for John.

They were disturbed in all these occupations by a step which came briskly down-stairs, perhaps betokening, Pickering thought, that the signor was going out again, and that his own delay about the lamps had been a wise instinct. But, after all, it was not the signor's step; it was young Purcell, who came along the little winding passage full of corners, and entered the housekeeper's room, scattering the little party assembled there. Mary Anne fled as a visitor from the outer world flies from the chamber of a servant of the court, at the advent of the queen. Though she would assure herself sometimes that Mr. Purcell's son was "no better nor me," yet in his presence Mary Anne recognized the difference. He was "the young master" even in Pick's eyes, who stopped talking, and put the notes back once more upon the salver with a great air of business, as if in the act of hastening with them to the signor. Mrs. Purcell was the only one who received her son with tranquillity. She turned her eyes upon him quietly, with a smile, with a serene pride which would not have misbecome an empress. No one in the house, not the signor himself, had ascended to such a height of being as the housekeeper; no one else had produced such a son.

"Go and light the candles in the study, Pick," said young Purcell. "The signor is in the dark, and he's composing. Quick and carry him the lights. Don't bother him with those letters now. He is doing something beautiful," he said, turning to his mother. "There's a phrase in it I never heard equalled. He has been sitting out on the terrace getting inspiration. I must run back and keep old Pick from disturbing him, making a noise —"

"Stay a moment, Johnny, my own dear —"

"What's the matter, mother? Oh, I know; you've heard of this last offer. But if I take any I'll take St. Ermengilde's, where I could go on living at home, the signor says. It's less money, but so long as I can help him, and see *her* now and again, and please you —"

"Ah, John, your mother's last; but that's natural," said Mrs. Purcell, shaking



her head, "quite natural. I don't complain. Is it another organ you've got the offer of? Well, to be sure! and there are folks that say merit isn't done justice to! John, I've been hearing something," said the housekeeper, putting out her hand to draw him to her; "something as perhaps you ought to know."

The young man looked at her eagerly. In this place he bore a very different aspect from that under which he had appeared to Lottie. Here it was he who was master of the situation, the centre of a great many hopes and wishes. He looked at her closely in the dusk, which made it hard to see what was in her face. He was a good son, but he was his mother's social superior, and there was a touch of authority even in the kindness of his voice.

"Something I ought to know? I know it already: that Mr. Ridsdale has been visiting at the lodges. That is nothing so extraordinary. If you think a little attention from a fashionable fop will outweigh the devotion of years!" said the young man, with a flush of high-flown feeling. He had a great deal of sentiment and not very much education, and naturally he was high-flown. "People may say what they like," he went on in an agitated voice, "but merit does carry the day. They've offered me St. Ermengilde over the heads of half a dozen. Is it possible, can you suppose, that she should be so blind!"

"That wasn't it," said Mrs. Purcell quietly; "it's something quite different, my dear. Shut the door, that we mayn't have old Pick coming in again (it was he that told me), and you shall hear."

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From Fraser's Magazine.

#### BASQUE CUSTOMS.

THE origin of the Basques has been made the subject of such wild speculations, philological and ethnological, that it is almost necessary to preface any reference to that most interesting people by the assurance that we are not going to prove them to be either Berbers or Phœnicians or Huns, nor even to hazard any opinion on the burning question whether Escuara be an Aryan tongue or no.

The fact which interests us is that in the latter half of the nineteenth century it should be possible to point to a race of pure-blooded villagers following an absolutely unique code of custom on certain points of family organization, while illus-

trating in other points the working of institutions common to most of the present inhabitants of Europe at a certain period in their development. And this interest is heightened when we find customs fairly on a level with mediæval civilization apparently stretching as far back into barbarism on the one hand as they reach forward into modern life on the other. The code of usage which was fully developed in the thirteenth century retained its vitality within the last decade, while its existence in a more or less rudimentary form is signalized by Strabo, so that the usages themselves have a triple title to consideration, from their singularity, their age, and the light which they may throw upon the vexed questions of origin and affinity already alluded to, for custom is as hard to change as language and as slow to mix as race, so that we may be tolerably sure that no radical diversity of race underlies the identity of customs transmitted through nearly two thousand years.

Of the origin or causes of race distinctions, we know practically nothing: a given family or clan adopts one dialect, one set of customs, and one standard of morality rather than another, much as a public school, a college, a university, or even a particular suburb of London comes to have a certain tone, opinions, and character of its own. The character once formed is perpetuated by tradition; and if we imagine such a spontaneous differentiation to take place between the inhabitants of separate tribes or hamlets, the tradition would be reinforced by all the physical influences of descent. If geographical conditions tend to keep the specialized population distinct even from its nearest kindred whose blood mingles freely with that of other races, the difference will go on increasing till at last the apparent gulf between related families may seem wider than that between independent classes. But every fresh case in which the gulf is spanned by history shows us fresh points of resemblance between the early days of races which are allowed to be ethnologically distinct, and so, without impeaching the reality of ethnological distinctions, deprives them of the semi-mysterious finality sometimes ascribed to them.

The accounts given by classical authors of the barbarian inhabitants of the Iberian peninsula bring before us tribes of about the same degree of promise and intelligence as the Red Indians of the American continent, whom they also resemble in a number of minor traits such as may fairly

be held to indicate spiritual affinity where physical connection is out of the question. The earliest written memorials relating to the modern Basques show them to us, say, at about the date of the compilation of the "*Senchus Mor*," with customs fully settled on a few leading points, and the right of private property by families within the village community fully developed, but with little disposition to legislate on other subjects such as are only brought forward by the growth of individualism and the decay of the communal spirit. And from that time until the present century both the form and spirit of the ancient social organization have continued singularly unchanged; so that for a parallel to the phenomena accessible to the modern tourist at Barège or Cauteerets we must go to the outskirts of the conservative East and study the organization of the "house-communities" of Servia and Dalmatia, or the communal prerogatives of the Russian village.

The Basque customs are generically like, specifically different from those of other European nations, and they have most in common with the usages of those offshoots of the main Aryan trunk which might be called either the oldest or the youngest — young in that they branched off before the parent stem was old enough to bequeath them much ready-made mental furniture of physical predisposition or intellectual aptitude; old in the sense of being nearest to the primitive state out of which the after families grew, as well as in the literal sense of a longer duration for their national existence.

There are hardly materials enough to furnish even those learned in all the materials which there are with a positive and convincing opinion as to the manner in which the successive strata in the population of civilized Europe were deposited. But it is agreed that the stream of immigration continued in the main steadily from east to west, and it is not denied that the later waves of the rising human torrent were of the same elements as the first thin lines that spread themselves irregularly here and there until overtaken by the main body of longer pent-up waters. Thus we think of the Pelasgi as established in Greece before the Hellenes of history, of the Etruscans as older Italians than the Latins, while in Spain the tribes — Keltic, Iberian, or Kelt-Iberian — with which we have to do preceded the Gothic ancestors of the modern political kingdom. In all these cases the earlier inhabitants who were either enslaved, or absorbed, or thrust

on one side, appear to have been as far advanced in the arts of peace as their stronger kindred at the date of invasion, but to have been deficient in political genius, so that even their bravery and patriotism were ineffective for want of an organization to concentrate the one and direct the other. But such a people, if it escapes absorption by retreating into mountain fastnesses or uncoveted corners — as the native Irish, the ancient Britons of Wales, Brittany, and the Land's End — may display a wonderful vitality, and become a byword for conservative tenacity in their own old way.

The conservatism of the Basques is connected with a quite unique rule of inheritance, based on the right of primogeniture without distinction of sex, which has been made the subject of an interesting but little-known monograph by M. Eugène Cordier. The various *coutumes* which he has consulted might almost be described as a commentary, in fifteen centuries, on a single sentence of Strabo. That author says concerning the Cantabri: \* "Men give dowries to their wives, and the daughters are left heirs, but they procure wives for their brothers." This meagre statement might easily be set on one side as a traveller's misunderstanding but for the light thrown upon it by the full-grown Basque usage.

To assure the full conservative working of the law of primogeniture, it is not left to itself, but reinforced and regulated by a mass of curious and interesting customs which would be tyrannous and oppressive if they were not the faithful transcript of the conduct spontaneously approved and followed by all sections of the community at once. To realize the social state within which the customs prevail, we have only to turn to the descriptions given by Sir Henry Maine and M. Laveleye of the constitution of village communities in other lands. The village in its collective capacity is the real original proprietor of the land taken into occupation, which is usually divided into arable ground, pasture, and waste or forest. Woods, wastes, and pastures are usually enjoyed in common by the villagers, while the cultivated land is either given up to private ownership or to private occupancy subject to periodical redistribution. Zamacola, the author of a Spanish history of the Basque nations, asserts that collective ownership lasted longer among them than among other peo-

\* Basque writers assert this name to be *Escuara*, from *khanta-ber*, able singers.

ples, that the land was cultivated in common, and private property at one time unknown. But though this statement is intrinsically credible, it is unfortunately unsupported by any satisfactory reference to authorities; and coming as it does from an uncritical pen, it adds little to the antecedent probabilities. He also alludes to an ancient equal division of the land amongst families, and adds that if two lots were joined by a marriage, they were again to be separated and go to different children or grandchildren. Most village communities seem to have passed through a similar period of transition, in which the village cedes its rights in trust to its component families, on the understanding, however, that the family then becomes responsible for the support of all its own members, and does not attempt to relieve itself at the public expense of the charge of a superfluous residuum.

The peculiar Basque law of inheritance tends to modify the localization, as one may call it, of the usual domestic rights and powers. Paternal, or rather parental, authority is at a discount in these communities, a fact which we may connect, if we please, with the statement of Silius Italicus that among the Cantabri the old men were wont to commit suicide by throwing themselves from a rock. "*Los senhors et dames juens*," as the *coutume* of Navarre calls them, are the favorites of the law. There is an equal partnership in the enjoyment and control of the family property between the parents and the married heir (or heiress), younger children and parents being virtually sacrificed to the young couple of the moment,\* though these again have to be prepared, when their own first-born comes of age and marries, to subdivide the inheritance again, so that it is by no means unheard of for the same *ménage* to have several masters and mistresses of different generations and equal rights living amicably within it at the same time.

Whether this has been the case or not, on the death of the nominal proprietor, the first-born child, son or daughter, inherits all the family property, subject to a small charge for the legal dowry of the younger children. The heir (or heiress) is master, and the younger children are called *esclaus* and *esclaves*, and are, in fact as well as name, the born servants of the

household; they have a right to shelter, etc., in the family house, but they are liable to be called to account to their elders for their private earnings, if these exceed the amount of the *legitime* (which meanwhile remains in the elder's hands as an equivalent for the charge of their maintenance), unless they leave the family with the consent of its head, taking their portion once for all, or are emancipated by the parent's will from the strict application of the general principle. But the most characteristic feature of Basque society is the provision which it makes for the *élite* of those younger children who neither abide in the family mansion nor go to seek their fortune abroad. On marriage, the first-born, heiress or heir, becomes "co-seigneur," and is entitled at once to half the patrimony. Persons civilly or physically incapacitated for marriage are excluded from the family inheritance. Every head of a household marries, if not in the parent's lifetime, in any case shortly after succession, and — what is essential to the maintenance of the whole economy of the villages — every head of a household marries the *younger* child of some other family. This *cadet*, or *cadette*, who takes the name of the heir, is called *gendre* or *bru*, and comes to live in the family mansion, naturally in a somewhat subordinate position, all his or her earnings going to the benefit of the family, to which the children are also attached. Sometimes a *cadet* retains his own name, but the children always take that of the mother if she is an heiress. A French writer of the seventeenth century notices this peculiarity, but without understanding it, observing that the poorest villagers call themselves lords and ladies of such a cottage, or even pigstye, while they give up their proper name, "and even the wife that of her husband," to take the name of the house.

The customs of Barège and Lavedan were commented on at length by one Nogues, an advocate of Toulouse, in 1760, who apologizes for their singularity, which he thinks is likely to excite a "movement of indignation," by pointing out that they serve better than any other more orthodox arrangement the supreme end "of keeping the property in the family." And the working of the code certainly illustrates better than any argument the fundamental natural impossibility of giving a separate class interest to the sexes, as feudal legislators vainly dreamt of doing. All that can be achieved is to secure the usufruct of about half the whole number of feudal estates to one set of heirs male

\* In the little republic of Andorre poor households have but two sleeping-rooms, one for the master and mistress, and one for the rest of the family; and we are told that when the heir marries, the old father vacates the separate apartment and takes his place in the common chamber with the rest.

instead of to another, and that of the other half to heirs male instead of to heirs female, still to the detriment of another generation of males. Thus if A's second child, a son, B, succeed him to the prejudice of the eldest child, a daughter, C, C's son D is injured, and if B has only daughters, a distant connection profits to the detriment of their sons, B's grandsons, or the great-grandsons of A, who perhaps made the entail from a disinterested desire to "keep up the family." This ambition may not perhaps be very exalted, but it was strong among the Basques, who were allowed by their traditions to keep two strings to the family bow, in consequence of which we meet with such cases (said not to be by any means exceptional) as that of a family in Andorre, which has kept its name and its property without increase or diminution for between seven and eight hundred years. Twice in the time its maintenance has depended on the life of a sole heiress, so that it must have become extinct under the common mediæval rule.

An additional security against the extinction of families is offered by the rule compelling the householder to marry from (we cannot say "into") a family possessing at least two children. Of course the rule is only of customary obligation, but the case is quoted of a marriage between heir and heiress, neither of whom would consent to leave their own ancestral abode, and while such was the prevailing feeling, shared as all durable social sentiments must be, by both sexes, it was clearly needless to make marriages of the kind penal. In the case of a romantic attachment, the matter would probably be arranged by a family compact, the less wealthy of the two parties ceding their inheritance to the next of kin, and receiving a portion instead. Even where the Basque custom has long ceased to prevail, we find traces of its past force surviving; and at St. Jean Pied de Port a writer, who was not on the lookout for such indications, mentions the existence of a superstitious belief that marriages between heir and heiress are unlucky. In fact, what Professor Huxley has said of the Basque language may be applied without qualification to their customs, "the area of which has gradually diminished without any corresponding extirpation of the people which primitively spoke [or followed] it. So that the people of Spain and Aquitaine at the present day must be largely Euskarian by descent in just the same sense as the Cornish men are 'Celtic' by descent."

The area of the peculiar dialect and of the peculiar custom has kept on narrowing; but however far afield we may find traces of either one or other, there we may safely conclude that men have once passed akin to the ancestors of the half-million who have been faithful to all the traditions of their race.

As each commune, town, or village, in the Basque confederacy was autonomous, their usages were by no means all alike, and from very early times we trace an antagonism between the cherished national custom of the peasantry and the feudal tastes of the warlike nobles settled within their boundaries. The antagonism was not exactly between noble and plebeian, because every Basque, like every Highlander, is well-born; all the *pasteres* are free citizens, and every free citizen (or rather countryman) is *ipso facto* noble; instead of quarters of nobility, it is only necessary to prove four generations of Basque ancestry, so that if La Soule and Lower Navarre enjoyed the same privileges, the settler from one district had only to give proof of nationality to be received as a native in the other. The date at which the different *coutumes* were reduced to writing gives no clue to the purity of the usage they sanction. Some of those of the Pays de Lavedan, which are as free as any from feudal corruption, were not written till 1704, while the *for* of the Valley of Azun, in the same district, from which we take the prime article of Basque faith, "*Que prumer filh o filha deu heretar,*" was drawn up in 1306, and confirmed in 1497. The customs of Barège, conceived throughout in the same spirit, were proclaimed and written in 1670, after debate in the communes, as having been followed, authorized, and approved for four hundred years since the destruction or loss of the *coutumier* by fire or war. The custom of Bayonne was revised and written in 1514; the *fuero de Viscaya* (which has some kindred features) is dated 1526. In the barony of Saubusses (the land of the Sibutzates, mentioned by Cæsar as having sent hostages to Crassus after his second victory in Aquitaine) and other parishes it was decreed in 1514, with the consent of the inhabitants, that the old custom should be abolished, and the eldest son succeed in future, and the eldest daughter only in default of sons. In the republic of Andorre this was the rule, but the same usage as elsewhere prevailed with regard to the marriage of heiresses. Various local customs are quoted from Aquitaine: in the *coutume* of Acs, north of the Basque

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country, the rule of succession is complicated by three principles, seniority without distinction of sex, equal division amongst all the children of *acquêts* or disposable goods, equal division among the children of different marriages in sets with distinction of age in each; some, supposing children by two marriages, failing sons by the first, gave the inheritance to the eldest daughter, excluding her own sisters and half-brothers; this applied only to nobles, as did a curious system of collateral succession in Navarre, of brothers to brothers and sisters to sisters in order of seniority, the eldest of the opposite sex coming after the youngest of the same. The *coutume* of Soule names a number of noble families in which the rural usage was followed, while in the town of Lourdes there was one street (only) in which the feudal rule prevailed. But in 1552 under Henry II. of Navarre, it was proclaimed that in Béarn "*noblesse ne se divise entre frères et sœurs*," and that rural properties were to follow the same rule, saving the right of eldest daughters already married in their parents' house, a proviso which shows the Barège custom to have prevailed before. Still earlier, in 1205, we find John, king of England, conceding to the Bordelais the "privilege" of excluding married and dowered daughters from succeeding with their brothers, and that of depriving their wives of the half share, previously secured to them, in the acquisitions or additions made to the family fortune after their marriage, a provision confirmed by Philip IV. in 1295. But the triumphs of feudalism were mostly confined to the outskirts of the pure Basque districts.

The success of the resistance offered by the peasants to what they call the "bad customs" of feudalism gives us some measure of the tenacity of the truly national usage, especially if we contrast it with the gradual substitution of the rule of primogeniture for the equal succession of the children among the Odallers of Orkney, by the intrusion of Scotch lawyers, whose persistent attempts to feudalize the islands in the sixteenth century were almost entirely successful in suppressing what seems to have been a very sane and suitable local custom. But we may also estimate the closeness of the struggle, even when it was successful, by the fact that the *droit de seigneur* existed almost within sight of the liberties of Lavedan and Barège. In fact, it was really to their affection for their customs that the Basques were indebted for their escape

from the clutch of a miniature Visconti, Eccelino, or Della Scala. The ancient record of the customs of Béarn, for example, begins by relating for the instruction of kings how in ancient times there was no lord in Béarn, but the people heard great praises of a certain knight of Bigorre, so they sent to seek him, and made him lord for one year, but he would not keep the *fors* and customs, so the court of Béarn assembled at Pau and required him solemnly to do so, and he would not, and they slew him before the court. Then the fame of a worthy knight of Auvergne reached them, and they made him lord for two years, but he also waxed proud and would not observe the *fors* and customs, and he was slain by order of the court "at the edge of the bridge of Saranh, by a squire who struck him such a blow with a pike that the point passed out at his back, and this lord's name was Sentonge." It was in the name of their ancient liberties that the Basques on the French side of the frontier successfully resisted the imposition of the *gabelle* under Louis XIV.; and the smuggling which has been a favorite and honorable occupation in the mountains since the imposition of duties on tobacco, etc., at the end of last century, is regarded not as a breach of rightful law, but as a lawful assertion of the immemorial rights of the frontier tribes to do what trade they can.

Household suffrage is the rule in these communities, and, except in the politically independent state of Andorre, this right seems to have been exercised, with the corresponding proprietary privileges, without distinction of sex. Thus in the ancient town of Caunterets in 1316, when the inhabitants met to consult whether they should accept certain lands from the monastery of Saint Savin, subject to some feudal rights, we read that all the inhabitants male and female (*besis et besies*\*) "*tous présents et consentants de leur bon gré, ont dit et déclaré, ensemble et individuellement, qu'ils reconnaissent leur dépendance du monastère de Saint Savin. Tous l'ont dit, à l'exception de Gualhardine de Fréchon, une femme qui protesta.*" We are told that the names of the women are different from those of the men, so that it is clear that they voted as householders; and in fact, considering the nature of the questions habitually brought before the communal government, the maintenance of roads, use of pastures, etc., it would have

\* *Voisins et voisines*, the exact equivalent of the German *Nachbar*.

been impossible to exclude heiresses from a voice in the decision of questions in which their material interests were so much involved. Nearly five centuries later we meet with a well-meant but rather clumsy recognition of the customary claim of women to the franchise, by a representative of the revolutionary government. In virtue of the law of June 10, 1793, a delegate of the National Government invited the inhabitants of the Valley of Azun to vote on a question relating to the division of the communal land. The meeting was stormy, and the men refused their consent to the division; and the agent observing that the women had not voted, summoned them to a separate discussion, after which fifty-six voted for and forty-five against the measure, a division list which may perhaps tend to reassure those politicians whose dread of the political "emancipation" of women is inspired by the belief that the sex will vote uniformly all together—and all wrong—upon questions on which all men, or all but a very few, are prepared to vote right.

When magistracies were attached to special families, the heiress might be represented by a son or husband; the husband became *voisin* through his wife, though it was disputed whether he should keep the title after her death, and agreed that he lost it by marrying elsewhere.\* In Béarn but not Barège the widowed *gendre* was allowed to bring a new wife to the house of the first with the consent of the children. Some provisions† seem to show that widows were averse to marrying legally, since a *bru* in so doing lost the custody of her children; and it is probably in consequence of these various drawbacks and difficulties that public opinion in the provinces became opposed to second marriages of any kind, at least to the extent of visiting them with the penalty of

a *charivari*. In family ceremonies, etc., the heiress takes the front place, but in practice the administration of family affairs out of doors is left to the man, and in general the apparent harshness of the law is modified by the encouragement which it gives to marriages of inclination, since the social superior is necessarily disinterested in his or her choice. Thus Béla, commenting in 1660 on the *coutumes* of Soule, says: "Les dits maris *adventices* (their technical name) se rencontrent d'ordinaire des hommes recoints et habillés aux affaires . . . femmes vaillantes, provides et ménagères, qui ne font pas moins de leurs parts que les hommes de leur côté." The dowry brought by a *cadet* on his marriage with an heiress is in all respects on the same footing as the portion given to a younger daughter who marries an heir; the *époux dotal* was allowed to make whichever child he (or she) pleased, heir; failing a will, the property was equally divided amongst all, and formed the usual provision for juniors, or, if succession was in the male line, for daughters. Failing children or a will, the *conjoint héritier* succeeded to the *conjoint dotal*, but not conversely; and the Bayonne custom even included a curious reversal of the condition of tenancy "by the curtesy of England," since, if a living child was born of a marriage, and afterwards died, the mother, as heiress to the child, might succeed to the father's dowry, which, even if he were the survivor, still went ultimately to *her* heirs, while he, on the contrary, inherited neither way.

These arrangements only applied to the marriages between heirs or householders, and younger brothers or sisters. The marriage contract of two younger children commonly stipulates that all acquisitions after marriage shall be possessed in common, though the two dowries remain distinct in view of eventualities. The contracting parties are called *meytadés*. The surviving *meytadé* succeeds his partner as *usufructier*, with the charge of the children till their marriage or majority. One marriage contract is quoted in which a *primée* stipulates that if she succeeds to her elder brother, her husband shall be treated as *nore* (the phrase for a dowered husband in relation to the heiress wife), while otherwise they were to continue *meytadés*. The portion due from the heir to the younger children was generally determined by a family council, with reference to the available funds, debts, etc. The heir was only bound to dower brothers or sisters who stayed at home and added

\* Cf. Mr. Patterson's description (*Fortnightly Review*, No. 64, N. S.) of the house-communions of the Croat Serbs: "As a woman on marrying became at once a member of the house-communion to which her husband belonged, membership in a house-communion descended only in the male line. There were several instances in which men entered the communion to which their wives belonged. This, however, they did, not in virtue of their marriage, but in consequence of their adoption by the community, which might—in fact often did—happen without any such affinity. Unmarried women belonged, of course, to the house-communion of their fathers, and widows to those of their late husbands. Should a widow, having children, marry again, the children of her former husband remained in the house-communion in which they were born, while she herself passed into that of her second husband. An adopted member took the surname of the house-communion into which he was received."

† Quoique menant une mauvaise vie, la veuve ne peut perdre la jouissance des biens qui doivent retourner à ses enfants.

their labor to the family stock. If public opinion made any difference, it was in expecting the heir to make more efforts to marry younger sisters than younger brothers; but these had a right to marry if they pleased, and bringing their wife and her dowry into the common stock, might insist on a share in the dwelling. Nevertheless the name for a *cadet* is *esterlo*, or *sterlo* (? *sterilis*); and strange as a custom of disinterestedness, unenforced by any penal sanctions, may seem to some utilitarian economists, it is a well-authenticated fact that, in the districts following the Basque law, voluntary devotion of the younger children (both sons and daughters) to the interest of the household is the rule rather than the exception. The social order which shall demand no victims has yet to be invented, and the most painful feature recorded of the one before us is the ingratitude with which such devotion is accepted as a matter of course, and rewarded with neglect and ill-treatment. The position of an aged *cadet* meeting a Lear-like fate at the hands of nephews and nieces, to whose prosperity his private hopes and independence have been continuously sacrificed, hardly requires the pen of a Balzac or a Tourguenief to heighten its repulsive pathos; but though such cases do occur, we are told, and are glad to believe, that they are exceptional, and that more often an innocent, sentimental communism allows them to feel contentedly identified with the one leading shoot of the family tree.

In spite of the enforced celibacy of enterprising or self-sacrificing *cadets* of poor houses, early marriages and large families, which are the general rule, make the pressure of population a chronic danger, the rather that the little nation, wedged in between the powers of France and Spain, has had no possibility of extending its frontiers by war. Accordingly, for centuries the Basques, like the Swiss, have been in the habit of seeking their fortunes abroad. In the seventeenth century their success as whalers gave serious concern to the English and Dutch vessels engaged in the whale fisheries of Greenland and Iceland. At the same date no *grand seigneur's* household was thought complete without a Basque *laquais*, warranted to "run like the wind;" and up to the present time the stream of emigration from the Bay of Biscay to South America is nearly as constant as that from Ireland to the United States. Enriched *cadets*, who are allowed to marry in foreign parts, while their elder is bound to the soil, often

return as small nabobs to their native villages; still, like all nations that emigrate without colonizing, the Basques look upon emigration as a necessary evil; and Zumala Carreguy gave to a French tourist as one of the advantages of the Carlist war that it would relieve the valleys for years to come from the need of arranging large schemes of emigration. Before so many openings were available for the surplus population, the claims of younger sons sometimes gave rise to embarrassing litigation. At one time the number of cattle, the *peculium* of younger sons, grazing on the common lands, alarmed the householders, who imposed an *octroi* duty on their introduction from the plains of Gascony, where they wintered. In German villages the servant and the children, without an independent hearth, were generally on the same footing, many privileges and offices being closed to the adult, "welcher nit in der gemein ist ess sei knecht oder nachpauer's sohn" (*Bauer* = *Nachbauer* = *Nachbar*); and it would be a knotty question whether primitive Basque law would not have reserved the right of common to heads of families only. A curious case, bearing on this subject, was decided in 1743, after a seventy years' lawsuit, with the recognition as a commune of the hamlet of Arbéost. The pastures of the district had been used, but no settled dwellings were erected till the fifteenth century; the settlers of that date, or rather their descendants, claimed exclusive right to the old common land, even when not actually residing there; while the older communes retorted that they were originally either strangers or *esclaus* (younger brothers), and in either case could have no right except as tenants.

An interesting and circumstantial account of the practical working of the Basque institutions, down to the last decade, may be found in M. le Play's "*Organisation de la Famille*." He traces the history, during three generations, of one of the ancient families of Caunterès, which, after maintaining its dignity unimpaired for four hundred years (since the Wars of the Roses), was in danger of perishing in consequence of the encouragement afforded by the *code civile* to litigious *cadets*. The bare genealogy is not without interest, as it is fairly representative of the way in which families of the kind kept up the customary proportion between their numbers and the family property. In 1810, one Pierre Dulmo, an heir, or proprietor, gave his eldest daughter, Dominiquetta, in marriage to Joseph

Py. Pierre had seven other children, of whom two sons and three daughters were portioned and married outside the household, while a son and a daughter remained single at home. On the death of Domini-quetta, the master and mistress of the household were the widower, Joseph, and his daughter, the heiress, Savina. At one time the household consisted of these two, of the unmarried son and daughter of Pierre, of two unmarried brothers of Savina (another brother and three sisters having been given in marriage outside), Savina's husband, their seven children, and one elderly unmarried male servant. Before this, however, namely in 1835, when Savina's marriage was arranged, her grandfather, Pierre Dulmo (who had just finished paying off the marriage portion of his brothers and sisters), drew up a statement of the family property, in view of the arrangements to be followed on his death. The total capital was estimated at nineteen thousand three hundred and sixty-eight francs; the quarter of which, according to the code, may be disposed of by will, was to go to the heiress, and the community undertook, without proceeding to a division, which would have detracted from the value of the inheritance, to economize yearly as it could, until those of the children who chose to marry had received their legal share. One *esterlo*, in claiming his portion, stipulated to leave it to his niece, the heiress. In the next year Pierre died, and for twenty-nine years the family continued to regard this deed as a kind of domestic charter of supreme authority. In the next generation dowries of twenty-three hundred and ninety-five francs were being gradually economized and paid off to the younger children as they became entitled to claim them, one dowry coming on an average about every four years, so as to entail an annual charge of between five and six hundred francs, for which the head of the household was responsible.

In 1864 Joseph Py died, and one of the heiress's uncles, a *mauvais sujet* who had spent his own portion, attacked the act of division of 1834, on the plea of its being an invasion of the code. Savina, the heiress, was condemned, but on her appeal the act of division was ruled to be, as it clearly was, both lawful and equitable, and on a counter-appeal Savina won her cause—at a cost of four thousand francs, which the opposite side had no means of paying. M. le Play draws a moving picture of the terror and bewilderment which the unwonted affliction of a lawsuit excited in

the innocent little rustic household, and of the heroic efforts made by Savina in its defence. The case was tried at Lourdes, and for two years she was constantly being summoned to give evidence or information to her counsel, to meet all the allegations of the opposite side, and justify, one by one, every business transaction in which the official heads of the family had engaged for thirty years and upwards. The distance from the farm is about eighteen miles; visitors to Caunterets know the mountain road, and the diligence spends three or four hours on the way. Savina, however, used to walk the whole distance and back in the same day, starting sometimes in a storm, with snow filling the gorge where the road skirts the torrent-bed, at two or three in the morning, reaching Lourdes at ten, leaving at two or three in the afternoon, and reaching Caunterets at eleven or midnight. The lawsuit was not the only source of the family impoverishment; its members were reduced by death and other mischances, and in a moment of discouragement, after the court of cassation had pronounced in favor of the family, but before they knew of the decision, Savina's only son Joseph, aged twenty-two, engaged himself as a substitute for two thousand francs, part of which he made over to his mother. M. Cheysson, who adds these details to M. le Play's account of the domestic economy of the community in its palmy days, says that though the family is impoverished and has lost in consideration by these misfortunes, Savina still maintains authority over her household, but he fears what may be the fate of the four-hundred-year-old house on her death, since it is only by strenuous efforts on the part of the eldest child, supported by complete unity of purpose in the community, that the charge of providing for the younger children can be met without breaking up or enumbering the inheritance. The privilege of the heir is thus almost limited to the discharge of an arduous duty, and unless some official sanction or encouragement is extended to the national custom, it is to be feared that it will succumb to the short-sighted greed of half-enlightened *cadets*.

Before the introduction of the code which limits the share disposable by will to a quarter of the inheritance, it was usual for the heir to receive half of the whole, and the position of the *sterlo* is clearly improved by the change which gives him the right of calling for a partition, which he might exercise if treated with harshness or neglect. Accordingly



it seems that, at the present day, *cadets* living at home share the privileges of the householder as to pasturage and the like, and they generally have enough property of their own (commonly bequeathed to the head) to secure respect. These good results might be secured without endangering the national custom, thus cleared of its one reproach. Nevertheless an alarming decrease of the population in the Basque districts is recorded as having taken place within the last few years, and it is accounted for by the emigration of families unwilling to submit to the provisions of the code. Now that France is at length free to consider disinterestedly the good of each component part of the great republic, surely some independent politician might plead with success the cause of this venerable custom. Nothing is needed but for the central authority to recognize as a sufficient compliance with the code, in districts where the local custom prevails, that the *légitime* of the younger children be paid by degrees, say in triennial instalments, corresponding to the value of the estate. Otherwise the equal partition enforced by the code will soon become an equality in destitution. If, on the other hand, the solidarity of the family will and the family estate is so complete that the family can be induced to spend its whole life in discharging successive obligations to each generation of its members, the struggle for existence does not indeed lose its severity—for farmers with 800*l.* capital—but the struggle is carried on by a united family against soil and seasons, instead of by social stragglers against each other and the community, and if the worst comes to the worst there is always a roof, homespun, and chestnuts to share amongst the undivided group. At any rate we should like the quaint archaic custom to live until society has discovered how to secure for all the "younger sons" of fortune as good a provision out of the *pêlemêle* of civilization as Pierre Dulmo was able to make for the sons and grandsons of his posterity out of the ancestral plot.

Their laws and their language are certainly the two most original and interesting possessions of the Escuara people; but the curiosity excited by either of these subjects naturally goes on to include any other traits or peculiarities which may prove to belong to them. And first it is natural to ask whether the rare respect for the proprietary rights of women, in which Strabo saw a token of gynæcocratic barbarism, produces any revolutionary effects

on the constitution of families, or whether it is itself the effect of any curious belief or superstition concerning the qualities of the sex. The answer on both points is encouragingly meagre; Basque families are very like those of other villagers, and though the Basque rule of inheritance could only have been accepted by a population in which women were treated with consideration, none of the other recorded signs of such consideration being offered to them by the Iberian tribes, of whom the Basques are the modern representatives, are without a precedent or parallel among Kelts, Tartars, or Red Indians. As among the latter, matrons had a semi-official *status* when it was desired to open negotiations for peace; and it is at Illiberri (Basque, New Town) that we hear from Plutarch of Hannibal's having employed the Gaulish women to arbitrate between their husbands and his troops. Sallust mentions that it was the business of the Spanish matrons to rehearse the deeds of their ancestors to the young warriors proceeding into battle, and other customs which belong to a more advanced state of society than that of the Indians, yet are such as might have grown out of the like beginnings. The Segobriges, on the Ligurian coast east of the Rhone, had an institution resembling the *swayamvara*, or free marriage choice allowed to Hindoo maidens of the warrior caste, as appears from the legend, given in Justin, of the foundation of Marseilles, by the captain of a company of Phocians, who applied to the king for leave to build a city on his territory. The king was preparing to marry his daughter Gyptis, "after the custom of that people," to a son-in-law chosen at a solemn feast; the maiden was told to give water to him whom she chose for husband, and overlooking her countrymen, turned to the Greeks and held out water to Protis, who thus became the king's son-in-law, and was presented with ground for his city. Another fragment of Sallust makes the same custom appear general,\* and even the extent to which the women and children of the Iberians shared in the patriotic fury of resistance to the Roman conquest, points to a closer identity of feeling throughout the community than is generally met with in patriarchal societies sufficiently advanced to have fixed usages in the matter of dowries.

It is a long step from these fragmentary

\* Neque vergines nuptum a parentibus mittebantur, sed ipsæ belli promptissimos delegabant.

notices to the not less fragmentary indications of mediæval feeling. The charter of Bigorre (A.D. 1097) gives to all women the right of asylum possessed by some monasteries — somewhat as in Ireland a fight was to stop equally for the passing of a woman or a bishop; and a similar turn of thought probably prevailed in dictating the clause in a royal charter of Jacca in Arragon (1128): "*Et quod meri nus meus non accipiet coloniam de ullo homine Jacce, nisi per laudamentum de sex mulieribus vicinis Jaccensibus.*" Another quaint rule of the same (twelfth) century proves, however, that the mood of sentimental reverence was intermittent, both with husbands and legislators, for the right of the husband to beat his wife, as well as other members of the household, is asserted by one text, with the worldly-wise exception — "*à moins qu'il ne fut plaignant!*"

It may seem strange to find all these tokens of exceptional regard for women associated with two customs commonly regarded as a sign of the social inferiority or degradation of the sex: we mean the *couvade*, and the separation of the sexes at meals. Both customs are highly archaic, but their presence here, we venture to think, rather goes to prove that their spirit must have been misunderstood by those writers who denounce them as barbarous evidence of the subjection of women. Up to the present time, at any rate, the most conspicuous characteristic of women — as a class — is their sex, and the prominence of any social customs relating to women as such, is a sign that they are recognized as a prominent social fact. Just as when any Alceste makes a parade of misogyny we suspect some Célémène to be at the bottom of his tirades, so we find the rules of savage etiquette most abundant on matters relating to women, where women have most influence, among tribes that approach nearest to what is called gynæcocracy in their manners. At any rate, among the Basques both customs have proved practically compatible with the fullest civil equality, and their survival in the face of such equality is scarcely conceivable if their origin had been irreconcilable with its spirit.

Professor Max Müller has suggested that, in observances of the *couvade* order, the father of the new-born infant takes to his bed to escape the awful presence of a mother-in-law; and other writers treat the superstition as a serious protest against the imprudence of nature in leaving such an important matter to the care of the feeble

sex — that, in fact, as Bartle Massey says, "It had better ha' been left to the men." But the explanation of a foolish bit of ritual is seldom more profound than the ritual, and a comparison of the analogous superstitions on different continents seems to show that, like most savage observances, it is dictated by the association heedlessly established in the savage mind between a desired end and means which look — to the savage — as if they might not unlikely help to produce it. These chains of causation are oftentimes quite arbitrary imaginations. Mr. Wallace tells of an Indian who obliged his wife to feed only on cassava bread and fruit, because her eating animal food, pepper, or salt, would disagree with a bird he had given into her care; and by a similar process of reasoning the Abipone father was dieted with much severity in the interest of his unborn children. Some of the Dyaks oblige the new-made father to live for some days on rice and salt, to prevent the baby's stomach from swelling; so amongst the Guaque Indians the husband rests for three months, fasting from some kinds of food before the birth. And we hear of a nomad tribe, in which the father of a son has to stand for three days, without eating, on a stage raised above the trench in which his wife is delivered, in order to bring good luck to the child. The custom according to which the husband lies in bed with the child, while the mother gets up and waits on him, is substantially of the same kind.\* Marco Polo, in describing the practice of the Tartars, gives as a motive the intention of the father to take a share in the labors of nursing, but the true explanation is probably to be found in a less articulate, less utilitarian feeling — a composite impression that the father is intimately connected with the life of his offspring, and that somehow or other he ought to contrive to act accordingly.

In the Pyrenees, of course, the custom is now falling into discredit. M. Cordier writes in 1868, as the result of personal inquiries: —

Dans la Navarre on me dit en rougissant, "Oui, cela se pratique, mais dans certaines familles, dans quelques lieux écartés seulement." Dans la Gaulte on me renvoyait à l'Espagne, mais quelqu'un me dit: "Il est vrai la nouvelle accouchée se lève et sert son époux, qui se met au lit avec l'enfant; il y

\* Besides the ancient notices of this custom in Spain, Diodorus mentions it as existing among the Corsicans, which gives a presumption in favor of an Iberian settlement in that island.

reste quatre jours et quatre nuits ; il en est qui se contentent d'y demeurer quelques heures. On pense que la chaleur du père est de nature à fortifier l'enfant, et si c'est un fils la coutume est encore plus suivie." . . . Quoi qu'il en soit [he concludes] je ne saurais admettre qu'une telle coutume implique nécessairement ou la paresse de l'homme, ou sa brutalité à l'égard de la femme.

And we may be equally sceptical about the other survival of barbarous ceremonial, according to which Basque women do not eat with their husbands. That such a custom is not necessarily regarded as a hardship by the women appears from the fact that the Pitcairn Islanders—descended from English sailors and Tahitian women—were noticed by their visitors to eat apart, a custom which must have been introduced by the women out of disinterested attachment to their native traditions.\* In Iceland, also, where the proprietary independence of women was considerable, we find traces of a customary separation of the sexes in the fact that every house had a men's door and a women's door at opposite ends, while the apartments of the two sexes ranged down opposite sides of the principal chamber. In the Basque districts, the separation of the sexes is still observed in markets and public places of amusement ; and at Fuentearabbia and other places where the language and laws have long ceased to prevail, men and women still occupy separate aisles in church. Of course, the custom has ceased for ages to have any significance at all ; but if an explanation of its origin is insisted on, we must probably go back to the first dawn of ideas of social decorum and morality, when rules of formal etiquette and precepts of rational morality are mixed together in a confusion very perplexing to later ages. It is easier to enforce a sweeping mechanical rule, that can come to be obeyed mechanically, than to trust to the self-restraint and discernment of individuals to keep up the spirit of the conduct clumsily indicated by the rule ; and it is exactly in societies where the influence of women is strongest that primitive reformers would first feel the need of some kind of regulations in social intercourse, to which the Basque restriction

alone applies. The sexes work together out of doors, neither women nor girls being confined to the house. Travellers are sometimes surprised to see them acting as porters, and loading vessels at the seaport towns, those who do so being, doubtless, most frequently the *cadettes* of poor families engaged in earning their own marriage portion. A picturesque description is given by M. Chaho\* of their working among the mountains at home. Upon narrow ledges of cultivated ground on the side of declivities too steep to allow the plough to reach them, the substitute for ploughing is the skilled use of a large iron fork, called *laia* ; the villagers (of both sexes) stand in a row with one of these forks in each hand, drive it into the ground with force, then, moving in cadence, raise and turn the end with an immense expenditure of strength. M. Chaho convinced himself, with difficulty, that all the *laie* were of the same size and weight, and adds : "On s'émerveille que des jeunes filles, aux formes élégantes et souvent frères, puissent soutenir à deminues, dans ce pénible exercice, la longueur et le poids du jour." The excellent health of the villagers in general, and the robustness of the women, may be partly owing to the fact that no severe labor is imposed on the children ; the very young do no work ; and the "school age" extends to twelve or fourteen. Fourteen is the age for the first communion, and a year later that for beginning field work. The customary division of labor between the sexes is singular in some respects ; women have nothing to do with dairy work, but the care of the kitchen garden is their especial province, and also that of pigs and poultry. The dowries of sons and daughters are, of course, equal in amount ; but, in the same generation, that of the son may be paid partly in sheep, while the daughter's equivalent consists of furniture, linen, and money.

In general there is little apparent difference between life in the Basque villages and among other well-conditioned peasant mountaineers. They are a sober, provident, pleasure-loving people, passionate on provocation, but honorable, self-respecting, and faithful in their attachments. There is something almost Hellenic in their serious love of play and athletic sports. Their national game is a kind of tennis, generally played on an open space answering to the village green, while —

\* So the legend of Miletus (Herod. i. 146) lays the responsibility of a similar practice upon the women. According to him, the Carian girls, married by force to the Athenian colonists who had slain their fathers and brothers, vowed that no woman should in future sit at meat with her husband, or call him by his name. And the other notices we have of Carian manners show traces of gynæocracy or feminine independence.

\* *Voyage en Navarre*, p. 232.

"*honi soit qui mal y pense*"—the blank wall of the village church serves as a boundary for the balls. The heart of Plato would have rejoiced over the sight of their wrestling matches between boys and girls, in which the latter, we are told, do not always retire vanquished. But dancing, for which their love amounts to passion, is more particularly a masculine relaxation, and several proverbs show that women who dance much in public are held in slight esteem. Births, deaths, and marriages are celebrated with great festivities, and the attendant expenditure was such, in earlier times, as to provoke a good many sumptuary enactments for their discouragement. At funerals the women wail and keep up the same extravagant demonstrations of grief as among the Irish. But there are few really original superstitions or observances on these points; one, at weddings, may be mentioned, that during the ceremony a fold of the bride's dress should rest upon the bridegroom's knees, or else a malicious spell may come between them, and *estecca*, a fatal antipathy, divide them forever. Like the peasants of Tyrol, the Basques were fond of dramatic entertainments, but the most popular form of them was a kind of amateur dramatic satire, or rather libel—an imaginative reproduction by the ingenious youth of the village of any domestic tragedy or scandal that had occupied the public mind. These were, of course, not written; and, in fact, Basque literature must be described as a disappointment to the admirers of the sturdy, conservative little nation. Their love songs are simple and passionate enough, but as compared with the popular productions of other countries, Sicily, Scotland, Greece, or Arabia, they are wanting in imaginative delicacy and variety. The lover is too much in earnest to play with the accessories of passion, and there is something prosaic, matter-of-fact, in the haste with which the song comes to the point—of the next rendezvous.

Charming and original as the Basque organization was, we cannot claim for it the very highest place among the social experiments tried by the spontaneous ingenuity of mankind. Only, until the more elaborate attempts of a higher civilization have succeeded as well in proportion, we may admit the practical merits of the system which, while left to itself, kept vice and misery, as well as the arts and sciences, in a "stationary state."

E. S.

From The Spectator.

#### PICTURES AND DRESS.

"PRIVATE-VIEW week is the best time for seeing the fashions," said a lady, a little while ago, in the hearing of the present writer, who thought there was a good deal of truth in the remark, and that it could be no harm for the "horrid male creature," in the intervals of observing the novelties in art upon the walls of the picture-galleries which have been opened this week, to observe the novelties of fashion within them. It is not, indeed, given to men to remember the fashions of last spring, nor to any except men-milliners to forecast those of next, but there is an advantage in this disability; the present is all the more amusing, even delightfully bewildering. It is a mistake to accompany a lady on these occasions; accurate information is disturbing, and self-esteem is wounded by the gentle ridicule with which an outsider's guesses are met who has not courage honestly to confess to the all-comprehensive ignorance that would be a sure passport to the sweetest indulgence. The temptation to seem to know just a little bit about everything is too strong for most men, and in a lady's company one will be sure to talk of a "Gainsborough" hat or a "Watteau" sacque, when those lovely things have been "quite ages" gone by, and to be impressed by the taste and originality of the wrong costumes,—"wrong" meaning those which are not in unison with the artistic persuasion of one's fair companion. The mere instinct of self-preservation would make us ascertain whether our guide held by Morris or Burne Jones, made her arrangements in obedience to Mr. Whistler's dictates, tried on, or rather off, the oldest things in Greek costume, or was a devotee of those "sweet, sad" harmonies in sea and sage greens that recall equally Robespierre and roast goose. Even then, however, one would not be quite safe; there are fine distinctions in these things, *nuances* as subtle as the *Bismarck en colère* and *Paris brûlé* of nearly a decade ago, and a reckless condemnation of *bleu fumé*, or preference of *clair de lune* over *arc-en-ciel* in bead trimmings might be as dangerous as an imputation of any of the virtues to Count Schouvaloff at a Tory dinner-party.

Profound ignorance is, then, the happiest state of mind, and solitude is the most favorable condition for observing the clothes of the period, as displayed at private views, where one may see the best and the worst dressed women in the



world, and contemplate them with the serene satisfaction of a member of that sex whose costume has never been, since the woad and sheepskin period, so simple, so ugly, or characterized by such complete extinction of individuality as it is at present. With what a happy conviction that at least he is not ridiculous, may the male biped mingle with the crowd, his unpresuming clothing serving as a foil to the richness, the variety, and the eccentricities of the dresses which swish, and rustle, and trail all around him, in a *frou-frou* accompaniment to the old refrain of "That's the way the money goes!" Trying, after awhile, to systematize his impressions, he notices that the general snippettiness is less than he has formerly observed it to be; and he is glad, because he has previously bethought himself in a humble way that the best use to which rich silk, sheeny satin, soft woollen stuffs, and majestic velvet can be put is not the cutting of them up into small pieces, and the sewing of those small pieces together in huddled masses, to the total destruction of the idea of lines and drapery. This irritating peculiarity of recent costume is replaced, he perceives, by sweeping lines and curves, by simplicity allied with richness, and a sensible abatement—for which mankind cannot be too grateful, in the interest of feminine gracefulness and of common sense—of the detestable fashion of "tying back." The fair beings who inspect the pictures "on the line" (frequently with the audible comment of "How awful!") do not hop, or stumble, or struggle in the swathing-bands of their one garment, with knees threatening to protrude, and maimed feet hobbling in imitation of the "Tottering Lily of Fascination," as they hopped and stumbled last year; their skirts fall decently and softly around them, and unless the "horrid male creature" be more than commonly idiotic, there are surely in a few instances symptoms of crinoline,—real crinoline, not wire, not the bird-cage or balloon of John Leech's palmy days, but the finely modulating horsehair of the far past, which lifted the heavy folds of the gown, and left the movements of the wearer free. Some of the portraits on the walls of the galleries have their gowns (or "frocks," as it is the correct thing, our granddaughters tell us, to say this season) tied back to what in real life and any earthly vesture, must certainly be the crack of doom; and they seem quite old-fashioned, after one has been looking for a while at the living pictures.

The hard and brazen style has almost disappeared, and it is replaced, for the most part, by the soft, the timid, the appealing. One does see monstrosities in tight black satin, with arrangements in crimson and yellow upon them (upon inquiry of good-natured female friends, one learns that these horrors are called "pipings") which resemble costume advertisements of court plaster; and very terrible specimens of blue-and-green embroidery of unsurpassable sickliness, do overcome us, to our especial wonder; but these are passing afflictions. On the whole, dress at the private views last week was a thing of beauty, and in most instances, doubtless, a joy, for a week or two, to its possessors. Richness of material, combined with simplicity of form, invariably recommends itself to the inarticulate half of humanity (on the subject of dress); and there it was, "in perfect heaps," like the good sense of Mrs. Toots; in purple velvet pelisse-like gowns, fitting without a crease, and fastened with plain buttons, worn with white "baby" bonnets, quite bewitching in form and expression; in dead-leaf satin, in dull black silk, with folds which even Mr. Millais would have to study before he could paint them; in grey cashmere and camels'-hair and homespun, so trim and dainty, with the accoutrements of hanging pouch and precise three-cornered pelerine, that two-thirds of each assembly might have been costumed by Mr. Mulready to help the future Mrs. Primrose in the choosing of her wedding gown, or on their way to visit Miss Austen's county families in Northamptonshire. It is evidently no longer the fashion for young girls to look saucy, and in none of the typical assemblages of last week was the affectation of mannishness that has recently grieved the middle-aged masculine breast, perceptible. There were plenty of other affectations, but not that,—and any other kind is better. There was, for instance, the good, old-fashioned affectation which was in Dickens's mind when he described Miss Snevellicci "glancing up at Nicholas Nickleby from the depth of her coal-scuttle bonnet," but none of the new, which would have led the young lady to stare at an admirer from under the brim of her "Jerry" hat, with her hands in the pockets of her ulster. If this revulsion should continue and spread, we need not despair of our girls arriving at the singing of Balfe's ballads, the quoting of Haynes Bayley and Barry Cornwall, the playing of the Duc de Reichstadt's waltz, and the reading of Sir Walter

Scott; and so that the swing of the pendulum stops short of the wearing of broad-sandalled shoes and screaming at spiders, we shall not desire to arrest it. Clothes are indications of taste in other things than dress only, and women are always more or less "in character" with their garments. There is something wholesome in the "distinctly English" style of the day — it is not also distinctly hideous, as it was some years ago when fashionable London rebelled temporarily against the legislation of Paris — although we are told it is "frightfully expensive;" that the modest little tippets cost as much as our grandmothers' gowns, a quite too lovely baby bonnet is about as dear as a grown-up coat by an eminent artist; and the soft and graceful fringes with just a touch of mother-of-pearl or the least dash of gold in them, mount up in a horrid way in the milliners' bills, which are the to-morrows to the yesterdays of clothes.

The various headdresses are almost all pretty, at least to the unskilled eyes that do not know the difference between the hat of last week, the bonnet of the moment, and the toque of to-morrow. Dead-leaf satin hats with soft plumes, hats of the Mother Bunch and the "beef-eater" style, set trimly on curly hair, hats of "drawn" white satin, with rolling brims, very like those which the court cavaliers doffed in the presence of Henrietta Maria, quaint, prim, buckled, sugarloaf hats, like Anne of Denmark's, as she stands among her dogs in her portrait, and, unless our eyes deceive us, bonnets with curtains, not little rims, but real curtains of the substantial silk of yore, stoutly sewn. The "old-fashioned" costumes are thorough this year; one is reminded of the pocket-books of seventy years ago, with texts and household recipes for their supplementary literature, by figures which might be the originals of their frontispieces, in short-waisted "jockeys" of sage-green, with miniature coachman's capes, large worked-muslin collars almost touching the shoulders, tight sleeves with puffs at the wrists; bags — not the elegant trifles of the last few years, but stout bags, with stout ribbon strings — hung on the arm, just above the substantial wash-leather glove (bags with "housewives" in them, doubtless, and franked letters on blue Bath post), and bolt-upright bonnets with piped edges and quilled caps, like Madame Tallien's in the picture at Versailles. A *costume à la guillotine* (not so called now, we may be sure, or conveying any such notion to the fair young wearer) reminds one sudden-

ly of the old print-shop on the Quai D'Orsay, where ever so many years ago studious persons, with books under their arms, used to stand in contemplation before the pictures of those terrible times, which were not so old then. Just such trailing, flat-backed robes, with such open, rolling collars, — they call them the "save-Samson-trouble-collars," — and just such short, artistically creased waistcoats may be seen in the old prints of the promenades of Paris with the Terror pressure off, and the *fêtes* of the Directoire.

The mediæval affectations in costume are less pleasing; they are too completely out of harmony with their surroundings, living and pictorial. A lady in a gown of the Plantagenet period, with sleeves which were meant to imitate the stiffness of the mail armor of the time, and a cap like crook-backed Richard's, making out Mr. Frith's "Road to Ruin" by way of "College," "Ascot," and Boulogne, is a discord in the scene, but the singing girls in Mr. Leslie's picture, and the group which carries out the autumnal sentiment of Mr. Boughton's, have their counterparts in the repetitions of history in the matter of attire, which form an amusing exhibition of their own, as well worth seeing as any that is on view this May.

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From The Pall Mall Gazette.  
TURKISH WIVES.

FIRST among Turkish social topics is that of the harem. The Koran allows a Mussulman to have four wives; and many persons have consequently imagined that polygamy is the rule in Turkey, whereas it is the exception. A Mussulman may only have as many wives as he can keep in comfort; and it is only the very rich who can afford to keep four. The middle-class Turks have only one wife apiece; the men of the lowest class are often obliged to remain single from not having the means to support a consort in the style which the Moslem law enjoins. Nothing can be more un-Turkish than the Mormon idea of accumulating a number of women to live under one roof, quarrelling in the kitchen and parlor, and acting as household drudges for their husband. The Turkish wife is not a slave; the chief fault to find with her is that she has too lofty a sense of her own dignity. An advocate of female rights would have some difficulty in persuading her that her lot was pitiable: she has never envied the emancipation of

Christian women, whose free ways shock her; while she has noticed that they get much less respect from the men of their faith than that which is invariably vouchsafed to herself. She veils her face with no more regret than a Western lady unveils her shoulders. Turkish women are not shut up. They go out when they please, attended by their odaliks if rich, or holding their children by the hand; and their magpie voices fill the bazaars, for they are noisy talkers. Wherever they pass, men of all creeds stand aside deferentially. If a husband meets his wife in the street he makes no sign of recognition. If he perceives her halting before a draper's stall and gazing significantly at silks dearer than he can afford, he must possess his soul in resignation, muttering "*Mashallah*." This respect for women prevails also in the home circle, and it comes naturally to the Mussulman, who has been taught from his boyhood to behave courteously to the softer sex. The Western conjugal expression about "wearing the breeches" has its Turkish counterpart in the phrase to "live under the slipper;" and it is to be feared that not a few Turks know the taste of this implement of uxorial persuasion. A *hamal* (street porter) once came before a *cadi* to complain that his wife trounced him too frequently. "See what mine does," answered the magistrate, opening his gown and showing some weals on his neck and shoulders. "Go thy way, my son, and thank Allah thou art luckier than I."

A Turkish house is divided into two parts — the *selamlık* for the men, the *haremlık* for the women; and the latter has as many separate suites of apartments as there are ladies. A Turk who has but one wife may require a large *haremlık* if his mother and sisters live with him, for each of these ladies must have her private set of rooms and servants for her separate use. There must be no crowding and no mixing of domestics in a well-ordered establishment; so that if there be four wives they need never see one another unless they please. The first wife is called the *hanun*, and takes precedence over the others all her life. She has a right to the best rooms, and to a fixed share of her husband's income, which he must not reduce to minister to the caprice of his younger spouses. As these points have generally been settled through the ulemas or priests before the wedding, a *hanun's* jointure is as safe as that of a Frenchwoman who has had a contract drawn up by a notary. During the last twenty years monogamy has be-

come more and more the rule among Turks of the highest class, and even among those who have two or three wives the *hanun* has gradually come to be regarded as having the same rank as the mistress of a Christian house. She visits and entertains the *hanuns* of other gentlemen, but keeps aloof from wives of the second and other degrees. These are not equals in her sight, being generally ladies of a lower social status, who have not brought any dowry to their husband. Time was when a pasha would take four wives of equal degree, all being daughters of other pashas or of the sultan, and all richly portioned; but manners have altered in this respect — at all events, in the European part of Turkey. It must not be supposed, however, that a *hanun* cherishes any such jealous hatred of her fellow-wives as is felt by a Christian wife who sees her husband flirt with strange women. She is content with the largest share of her husband's respect, without demanding his exclusive devotion. Her philosophy often goes the length of choosing from among her own odoliks or companions (from *oda*, room), one whom she deems meet to be his morganatic spouse, and she will do this the more readily if she have taken a fancy to the girl and be unwilling to see her leave the house. In some houses, not of the highest class, the four wives are as friendly at home as it is possible for women to be; though each may have a different set of outdoor friends whom she will not introduce to the others. In any case the supremacy of the *hanun* is always acknowledged, and the others will not intrude themselves into her presence unless invited.

The Turk who has money marries young, and an excuse for polygamy might be found in the fact that his first marriage is always an *affaire de convenance*. His father bespeaks a bride for him from among the daughters of his best friend, and he does not see the young lady until she lifts her veil in the bridal chamber after the wedding. The preliminaries are conducted by the mothers on both sides; and doubtless a son will now and then plead hard to be allowed just one peep at his intended, but a prudent matron will turn a deaf ear to such entreaties. The damsel is more fortunate, for she can see her bridegroom elect through the grated windows of her residence, or, closer still, under cover of her veil in the bazaars. It might be supposed that, as feminine nature is the same in all latitudes, a girl who knew herself to be pretty might devise in-

nocent stratagems for letting her betrothed get a sight of her—for instance, wear a very thin veil, or contrive that, at the hour when the young effendi called on her father, one or two of the wooden bars of her *moucharabieh* (window-grating) should be displaced. But this would be quite contrary to Mussulman notions of delicacy, which are not to be trifled with. Turkish girls are unaffectedly modest. Those of the lower class who are engaged as servants in the houses of Frank residents are much preferred to Greeks or Armenians for their excellent behavior, cleanliness, and regard for truth. Looking upon marriage as their natural destiny, they are careful of their reputations; and when married make first-rate housewives.

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From The Spectator.  
THE MICROPHONE.

THE instrument which Professor Hughes has discovered (and which he proposes to call the "microphone," as the one which enables you to send sound to a great distance is called the "telephone") will certainly prove an astonishing step in advance, not only for the science of sound, but for all the sciences in which sounds are the symptoms of changes hitherto undiscoverable by man. It is, however, hardly right to contrast this instrument with the telephone, as the microscope is contrasted with the telescope. For the microphone apparently will be just as applicable to the hearing of distant sounds as to the hearing of sounds that are near. The telephone brings the sound from a distance, and the microphone magnifies the sound when it is thus brought near. The microphone, in fact, will be just as applicable to the sounds transmitted from Dublin or New York,—if the latter can be transmitted so far,—as to the sounds in a vibrating-plate which is within a few inches of the listener's ear. The telephone brings from a distance without magnifying,—indeed, not without lessening greatly the sound it transmits,—and then the microphone magnifies it, so as to make it even far more audible than it was to the ear of a close listener. The invention depends on so breaking, by the interposition of charcoal permeated by fine atoms of mercury, the currents transmitted by the telephone-wire that the sound is vastly increased by the interruption,—just as heat is known to be vastly increased by a similar interruption of a current, even to

the turning of metallic wire to a red or white heat. Thus the microphone will make a minute sound audible, whether it be close or far off. It is said that the march of a fly over the vibrating-plate is rendered as audible by this invention as the tramp of a horse, and that the mere breathing of the fly is heard almost like the trumpeting of an elephant. And this, as we understand, is just as true of a sound transmitted from a distance, as of a sound close at hand. Supposing the fly to walk over the vibrating-plate at one end of the telephone, the microphone will magnify whatever corresponding sound may reach the other end as much as it will magnify the sound at the end at which it occurs. We do not understand that it would be in any way impossible, for instance, to get a physician living in London—with the help of the microphone and the telephone—to report on the sounds in the lungs and heart of a patient in Birmingham. The stethoscope itself should be superseded by the microphone. But not only should the stethoscope be superseded but the range of the new instrument should be enormously extended by the telephone, the two playing into each other's hands, so that a whisper in Dublin might be heard as a shout in Holyhead. It is this extraordinary power of combining the telephone and microphone together, which opens out such strange prospects as the result of this discovery. Indeed, associated as both may be with the phonograph,—the instrument which records and bottles, as it were, speech, till some convenient future occasion for unbotTLing it,—it is quite conceivable that the whisper of a dying statesman like Cavour's,— "I will have no state of siege, any one can govern with a state of siege,"—might be repeated after the expiration of a hundred years, in a hundred cities, each of them hundreds of miles away from the place where it was first uttered, in a voice audible to a great assembly, instead of only to the ear of an intently listening friend.

But the most curious results which we can at present anticipate from this marvelous microphone are results due not so much to the transmission of these sounds, either in space or time, as to the discovery through its means of new sounds now inaudible. It has often been observed that other creatures' ears must perceive notes which we do not at present perceive at all; must perceive the vibrations due to waves too short as well as to waves too long to affect the human ear. So far as



our inability to see and hear depends on the absolute incapacity of the retina or the ear to be affected by waves of a given length, of course no microphone, any more than any microscope, will render them perceptible. The microscope does not show us new colors, and the microphone will not show us new sounds. But just as the microscope renders not only visible, but large and conspicuous, what we could not previously discern simply from its minuteness, so the microphone will render distinct and even loud what we could not previously discern, simply from the want of volume in the sound. The first result should be to provide these who are only deaf — whose auditory nerve is not destroyed — with a nearly perfect ear-trumpet, — not, of course, one which will enable them to gather in the general and confused sounds of a room with all the distinctness of good hearing, for the very essence of this instrument is that it can only magnify the isolated vibrations received on the vibrating-plate at the other end of the conducting-wire, but still complete for the purposes of any isolated sound; that is, sufficient not only to make it audible, but to make it perfectly clear and distinct. But far more curious results should follow. With the help of the microphone, it should be possible to hear the sap rise in the tree; to hear it rushing against small obstacles to its rise, as a brook rushes against the stones in its path; to hear the bee suck its honey from the flower; to hear the rush of the blood through the smallest of the blood-vessels, and the increase of that rush due to the slightest inflammatory action. In fact, the new instrument should add a hundred times as much to the means of investigating the facts of both vegetable and animal physiology, as the stethoscope added to the knowledge of the structure of the heart and lungs; for while the stethoscope only collected the sound, the microphone will magnify it.

That, however, which strikes the imagination most in this wonderful discovery is not so much what it is sure to do, as the wonderful world of possibility it opens. It is almost certain that a ray of light strikes the surface on which it impinges with a definite force, and Mr. Crookes certainly supposed that he had found the means of approximating to a calculation of that force. But if this be so, there must be a definite sound caused by light touching a surface, and the new instrument may enable us not merely to see, but to hear light. It is quite conceivable that

by the use of the microphone the chemist who is trying to analyze the spectrum of a star may be enabled to hear the first ray of the star strike upon his spectroscope, and to listen to the gentle rain of rays which follows while the spectroscope is exposed to that star, and then to exchange that gentle sound for that of the torrent which would follow when he exposed his instrument to the moon instead of the star. We may find that the rippling of the light from Sirius has a sound quite different in character from the rippling of the light from Arcturus or the Polar Star; and all of these onsets of starry light, if they can be heard at all, must make a sound as inferior to the cataract which rushes from the sun, as the dash of a brook is inferior to the roar of Niagara. It may be, too, that the sound made by the different prismatic rays, as they strike a surface, will produce a harmony as delightful and as susceptible of indefinite variation as the prismatic colors themselves, so that the most exquisite musical instruments might be produced by merely opening the ear to the sounds (at present too slight for any ear to perceive) corresponding to the colors of the rainbow, and varying the combinations at the discretion of the musician. Wagner, in one of his great works produced in this country, has, we believe, a "Rainbow Chorus," which was greatly admired, but which did not, without help from the words of the libretto, suggest to the audience that association with a rainbow which he had imaginatively ascribed to it. May it not be possible, with the help of the microphone, to give us a true rainbow music, — a music really caused by the sound of the same waves which, in their effect on the optic nerve, produce the vision of the rainbow? This is, of course, mere dreaming. But one of the most delightful results of great discoveries like this, is that it fosters so much a dreaming power not quite divorced from possibility, and therefore not quite of a kind to discontent us with the world in which our actual duties lie.

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From The Japan Times.

#### THE FEAST OF LANTERNS AT CANTON.

THE feast was held on the three nights of the September full moon — our harvest moon — and celebrates the birth of that luminary, sister to the celestial lord of the five-clawed dragon. On the swell night, that of actual full moon — every Chinese

householder is obliged (doubtless on pain of being chopped into mincemeat) to hang out from the highest point of his dwelling two lamps at least, and all day long the people may be seen occupied in fixing these lanterns on the points of long slender bamboos, till the city from afar looks like an enormous cane-brake or a mighty bed of bulrushes. The lanterns, gaily painted, are of all forms, sizes, and colors, and as night falls and the full moon slowly rises, the lights begin to glimmer, and in half an hour, the low, mean, sordid city is changed into an almost indescribable scene of brilliant, twinkling, glittering light and beauty. I was most fortunate in the weather. A slight, very slight mist hung above the water, which, while it dimmed the lamps in the extreme background, yet magnified them and deepened their color. In the foreground were the boats, scarcely moving on the river, which lay as smooth as a mill-pond — for there was now scarcely a breath of wind — all gaily lighted, and some, the flower-boats (floating theatres, and houses of entertainment or *cafés*) brilliantly illuminated with rows of colored lamps and bright devices of every conceivable pattern. Behind lay the great city, with its countless houses, closely packed, the lights on their roofs gently swaying to and fro on the vibrating canes and showing like a fiery cloud hanging in mid-air: all the ugly forms and dull grey masses vanished — shrouded in the luminous veil. And so away to the farthest limits of the walls, where the glitter changed to a dull red glow, like that of a dying fire. Then, from every flower-boat on the stream, rose incessant rockets, and each fiery meteor, as it rushed up into the deep, deep blue of the Oriental sky, seemed to drive down into the river a corresponding flash; each, as it burst into a rain of sparks above, reflected below, keeping the water always glittering with many-colored specks of flame. And from every boat, from every house, burst innumerable crackers, sounding like an incessant fusillade, and making the air heavy with the perfume from the shavings of scented wood with which they are filled. Then the tinkle of the Chinese gittern, and the sonorous clang and clash of gong and cymbal, softened by the distance, filled the air with a not displeasing music — the music of holiday joy. And best of all, to my mind, far above and all in contrast to the glitter and the glare, the smoke and mist and fiery glow, the rattle and the laughter and the song, there rode the full, round moon — pale, pure, bright, as

she only is in the glorious lustrous purple of a tropical sky, and beyond the city, on the far horizon, the eternal hills lying quiet and calm and beautiful, sleeping in her light. Puck and Oberon, Messieurs Cobweb, Mustardseed, and Peaseblossom, might be revelling and rioting here, but there one might well believe that Titania slept her happy sleep amongst immortal thyme and oxlips, and where the never-dying, nodding, nodding violets blow. Indeed it was a scene I shall not readily forget.

From The Spectator.

#### TIBET.

IF we may credit the vague rumors which have lately floated through the Himalayan passes, the person into whom the spirit of the late Dalai Lama had passed has been discovered, as usual, in a little child. The Dalai Lama, the pope of Buddhism, the worldly representative of the never-dying spirit of Tsong Khapa, has once more appeared among the people, who for some two years have been eagerly expecting him. During many months, a council of the lamas has been assembled at Lhasa, engaged in the solemn quest for the person into whom the Holy Spirit had entered, and their secret conclave has at last resulted in the unanimous selection of the new Dalai. Long and anxious must have been the consideration of the claims of each candidate, and bitter will be the disappointment in many a household when the unsuccessful claimant is restored to his parents. No European writer has yet raised the sacred veil which shrouds that mysterious selection, nor have even Chinese writers revealed its accompanying ceremonial. That the former is conducted with all due solemnity may be accepted as the fact, and that the latter is as gorgeous and imposing as Tibetan resources will admit, is not more doubtful. Of the nature of the ceremony something may be judged from the description of the minor proclamation of the Teshu Lama, which is to be found in Captain Turner's work, "Embassy to the Court of the Teshu Lama," published in 1800. The influence of the chief priest-ruler of Tibet extends wherever the doctrines of Buddha obtain. It is scarcely less potent in Peking than it is in Lhasa itself, and it is one of the most visible tokens of religious animation in the Chinese empire. The Dalai Lama is the pope of some four hundred million peo-

ple. At any time, a description of the state of this ruler — a state which is also connected in many ways with historical associations of great importance both to India and China — could scarcely fail to be interesting; but, as our readers will doubtless remember, a clause in our last treaty with the Chinese attaches a significance to the subject at the present time which it has not enjoyed since the days of Warren Hastings. This is, therefore, a doubly opportune moment, when a new ruler has been chosen, and when our own relations towards the State have undergone some modification, for the consideration of the past history of Tibet itself.

The remote history of Tibet, like that of all the countries bordering upon China, is intertwined so closely with that of the dominant power, that it is not easy, with the meagre authorities at our service, to separate them from each other. Nor would it be of much use to attempt to unravel the idle, although extremely poetical, legends that cluster round "Bod" land, in the years previous to the appearance of the great priest and reformer, Tsong Khapa. The Tibetan Luther was born in or about the year 1417, at Sining, and his parents, who were poor people, were only too glad when he displayed at an early age a preference for a religious career. There is another legend of his origin, which attributes it to a supernatural occurrence, and which asserts that his mother, who had long been barren, had conceived him by falling on a stone tablet on which were graven characters in honor of Sakya Muni. The foundation for this version may very possibly have been that he had been educated in the great monastery dedicated to Sakya Muni. Here he grew up in the very midst of the corruption and vice which were eating into the existence of the whole fabric of lamaism; but instead of becoming vitiated by his surroundings, his strong moral convictions enabled him to triumph over all the temptations of worldly pleasure and of secular power. Up to his age, the scarlet robe had been the peculiar dress of all lamas, but so thorough was Tsong Khapa's resolve to effect a complete reform, that he discarded as a pollution the sacred color. To demonstrate beyond all cavil the radical measures which he intended, he adopted a yellow costume. Then ensued the bitter contest that always has attended rivalry amongst priestly disputants, but at last the controversy between Reds and Yellows was closed by the triumph of the latter, and the gradual

reformation of the former. The Red faction is still, or was in the days of the Abbé Huc, existent in Tibet, but the descendants of Tsong Khapa and his disciples are supreme. The reforms introduced by Tsong Khapa gave increased vitality not only to the Buddhist religion, but also to the priestly order of Tibet; and when he died, in 1478, he left Tibet in a state of general prosperity and of tranquillity both within and without. On his death-bed he summoned his two principal disciples, Lolum Ghiamdzo and Kojuni Machortse, to him, and told them that they were to carry on the good work which he had commenced. The former became the first Dalai Lama, the latter the first Teshu or Panshen Lama; and from that time to the present the spirits of those two personages have been never-dying on earth; and except the brief intervals required for the discovery of the person into whom the spirit had passed, those offices have never been vacant. Although the presence of the Chinese in the country, as more or less *de facto* rulers, since the time of the first Mantchoo emperor, Chuntche, has effaced the secular power of the lamas to a great extent, the Dalai has always been more concerned in the public administration than the Teshu. The latter, who resides at the lamasery of Teshu Lumbo, near the town of Shigatze, on the Sanpu, is the great theological authority in Tibet, and is styled the "Gem of Learning;" whereas, the former's designation is "the Gem of Majesty." But since the days when Chinese armies had to be summoned in to defend Lhasa from marauding Ghorkas, the independence of the Dalai and his subordinates has grown more and more doubtful, until at last their authority has become almost "the shadow of a name." But while their worldly power has been waning before the encroachments of the Ambans, their influence and reputation, both among Tibetans and the Chinese people, have been as steadily increasing, until the Tibetan lamas are now almost as potent as they were in the ancient days of the Mongols, when Kublai Khan entreated their aid for the construction of an alphabet for his ignorant people. There are many who assert that there is a religious, as well as a national, revival going on amongst the Chinese, and in the former of these movements the most active agent would undoubtedly be the religious fervor which is to be found among the lamas of Tibet.

The relations between ourselves and the Tibetans have been very slight; in fact,

since the days of Warren Hastings there have been none at all. In 1772, that governor-general sent an envoy — Mr. George Bogle — to the Teshu Lama, and his mission gave rise to some very instructive interchanges of opinion, for an account of which we are indebted to Mr. Clements Markham; but the result of this diplomatic action was very transitory. Captain Turner, Warren Hastings's second ambassador, despatched a few years later on, for the purpose of complimenting a new Teshu on his accession to the dignity, was not more successful; and then for many years official business was transacted by our Tibetan agent, the widely travelled Purungir Gosain. In 1792 there occurred that war between Nepaul and China which resulted in the ignominious defeat of the former, and which the intercession of Lord Cornwallis alone prevented from closing with the sack of Khatmandoo, but which is chiefly of importance to us as marking the turning-point in our intercourse with Tibet. Up to this, our diplomatic overtures had not indeed been crowned by any very brilliant success, but they had not been complete failures. The passes through the Himalaya were at all events open, if any one cared to make use of them; and so long as the fair at Rangpur was maintained, so long did Tibetan goods find their way into Bengal, and our Indian fabrics into Tibet. But the Chinese government and generals resented our intervention in favor of the Ghoorkas, who, in the eyes both of Tibetans and Chinese, were merely a set of troublesome marauders; and after the year 1792, the Chinese, in consequence of Lord Cornwallis's well-intentioned mediation, closed the passes of the Himalaya, erected block-houses at their northern entrances, and put a stop to all intercourse whatsoever. Since that time, more than eighty years ago, only one Englishman has succeeded in breaking through that unyielding barrier, and it must be long before the same astonishing energy and rare acquaintance with Chinese manners will be united again in the same person as they were in Thomas Manning. That gentleman, in the disguise of a Chinaman, did in the year 1811 penetrate from Bhutan into Tibet, and his triumph was rendered more perfect by a

residence of many months in its capital. Whatever information we possess we owe to these three gentlemen, and to the French missionaries Huc and Gabet, who went to Lhasa from China in 1845. Since their time, we have indeed learnt much from the explorations of the pundit Nain Sing, but our historical knowledge has not kept pace with our geographical. The tidings that another child exercises the power of Dalai Lama will serve to remind us that whenever we seek to enforce our treaty rights, it will be solely with the Chinese Ambans that we shall have to deal. The same difficulties will have to be encountered and to be overcome as those which beset a visit to any other unknown and secluded province of the Chinese empire. Whatever virtues the Tibetans themselves possess — and if all is true that we are told of them, they possess more than a fair share of them — it is not they who will decide how our ambassador shall be received, but the Chinese governors, who will act in accordance with the instructions remitted from Peking. From one aspect, seeing that it is the Chinese themselves who have conceded the point, this should argue favorably for the result of an English mission to Tibet; but from another, seeing that the Chinese, and not the Tibetans, have at all times been hostile to intercourse of any kind with ourselves in India, the prospect is scarcely so pleasing. In the mean while, the intrepid Russian traveller, Prjevalsky, nothing daunted by illness or by the obstacles placed in his path by the Chinese, is slowly wending his way along the outskirts of the great Desert of Gobi towards the country of the lamas. In the search for geographical information he is emulating the achievements of his most distinguished predecessors, and should he be successful in this case, which, to say the least, is extremely doubtful, he will most probably, now that so many more entrancing questions are agitating the bosoms of the Indian Council, have the double satisfaction of having been the first representative of his country to visit Lhasa, and of having anticipated the English embassy, which Sir Thomas Wade foreshadowed in his treaty of Chefoo.